

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 5

## THE INDIAN JUGGERNAUT

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

*By Helen F. M. Lewis*

DURING January, 1900, strongly against the advice of friends in Madras, we went via the East Coast Railway to Calcutta. The series of great railway bridges across the Mahanadi River were incomplete, and there were ten hours to be passed in a steamer between Kola and Calcutta. However, as we were not in a hurry and the railway restaurants kept by the Parsees proved excellent, and chiefly because we saw Jagganath Puri—the Juggernaut of the Sunday School papers—we were very glad we went.

On the railway map this famous spot is marked simply Puri. It is on the sea shore, about thirty miles off the main line. Second only to Benares in point of sacredness and the number of its pilgrims, it has terminal railway facilities to handle twenty thousand passengers a day. During the annual excursion of the God Shiva or Jagganath on his car from the Great Temple to another about a mile distant, over one hundred thousand of his devotees occupy the long sheds built for their use, and the sea coast for miles is alive with encampments.

The accommodation for Christians is very limited. We secured one vehicle, an enormous gharry, about the weight

of four London "growlers," and drove to the Dak or Government bungalow. It is close to the sea, and owing to the prevailing high winds, is periodically engulfed in sand. A bevy of the most graceful little Indian maidens were just



THE JUGGERNAUT CAR IN WHICH THE GOD IS TAKEN FROM THE GREAT TEMPLE TO HIS COUNTRY HOUSE. THE CAR IS FORTY-FIVE FEET HIGH



PILGRIMS BATHING IN GREAT SACRED TANK AT JUGGERNATH PURI, INDIA

completing the work of excavation.

The Great Temple of Jagganath and its dependencies cover many acres and the central tower or elongated dome is over two hundred feet high. The space in front of the main entrance is crowded with sacred bulls, camels, elephants, doohlies, and an ever-flowing stream of eager-faced pilgrims from every part of India. Those returning from the shrine through the great darksome portal, guarded by huge cat-like stone figures, are adorned with ropes of yellow flowers. No European may

merly had themselves suspended, the hooks being inserted in the muscles of the back.

W. W. Hunter, an English writer, has given a detailed description of the temple. It is surrounded by a massive



THE DARKSOME PORTAL OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT JUGGERNATH PURI

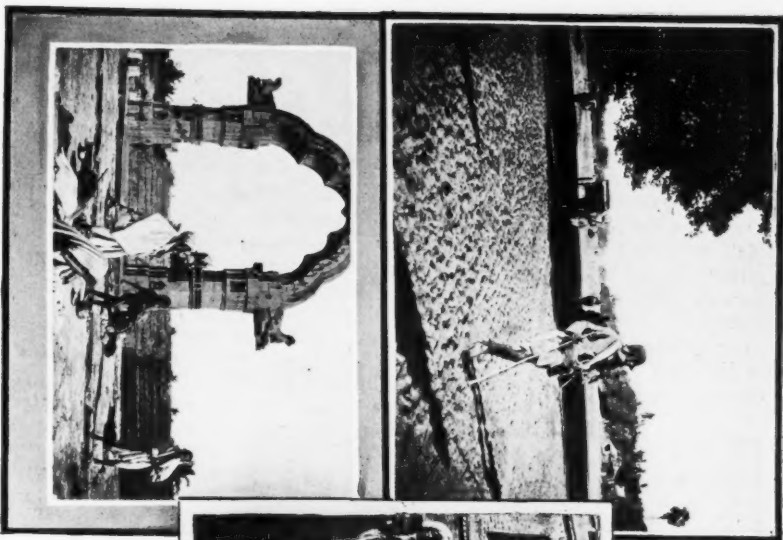
approach closely, much less enter the sacred precincts of the Temple.

About half a mile away, on the top of a high broad platform so as to be seen from quite a distance, is the stone arch with hooks and rings from which devotees for-

AN AGED PILGRIM  
THE STONE ARCH OF ENDURANCE

SCENES AT JUGGERNATH PURI, INDIA  
PILGRIMS DICKED WITH YELLOW FLOWERS

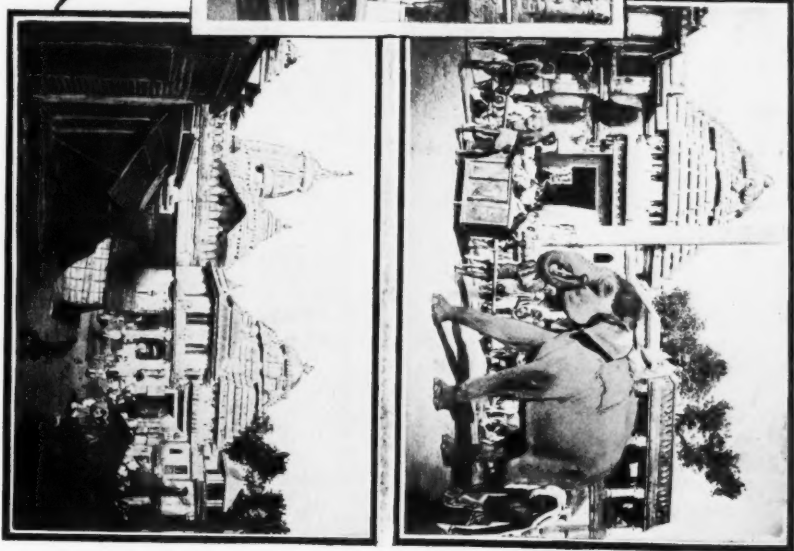
STREET SCENES  
THE TEMPLE



AN AGED PILGRIM  
THE STONE ARCH OF ENDURANCE



SCENES AT JUGGERNATH PURI, INDIA  
PILGRIMS DECKED WITH YELLOW FLOWERS

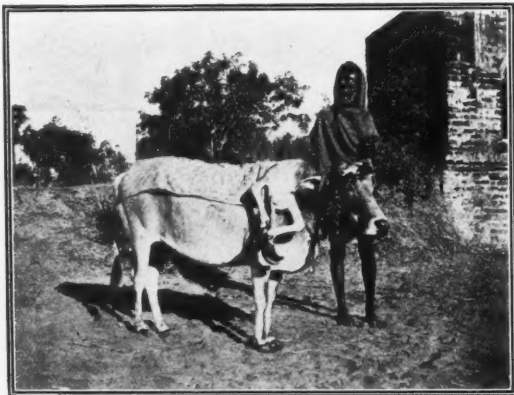


STREET SCENES  
THE TEMPLE

stone wall, 20 feet high, 652 feet long and 630 broad. There are in the enclosure about 120 temples, the centre pagoda being dedicated to Jagganath. Its great tower is surmounted by the mystic wheel and flag of Vishnu. The Temple has four chambers opening one into the other. The first is the Hall of Offerings where the bulkier oblations are made. The second is the Pillared Hall for the musicians and dancing-girls. The third is the Hall of Audience in which the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god. The fourth is the sanctuary itself, where sits Jagganath in jewelled state. He is only a rude human bust, without hands or feet,

the broad street to Lord Jagganath's country house. Although the distance is less than a mile, the journey takes several days. It is severe toil for the pilgrims and devotees. The only deaths that occur are of those who die from excitement and exhaustion, although there have been a few instances when frenzied people have thrown themselves under the wheels. When the country house is reached the enthusiasm subsides, and the god is left to be hauled back by 4,200 professional pullers, neighbouring peasants.

We could only imagine what it looked like, the Great Avenue over a hundred yards wide, packed with a swaying, shouting, frenzied multitude, pulling on the many long ropes attached to the Juggernaut car. They do not voluntarily throw themselves under the wheels as the Sunday School papers would indicate, but every year after the car has passed along, there are many picked up who have fallen unnoticed, and who are beyond the aid of Dr. Hendley. This gentleman—the one white man in the district—besides the constant care and attention to the wants and sanitation of so great a concourse, is acting mag-



A SIX-LEGGED HUMPED COW

fashioned out of a log. The offerings are bloodless and consist of fruit, flowers, pulse, rice, butter, milk, salt and like commodities. The value of these offerings is about \$150,000 a year, contributed by nearly 100,000 pilgrims.

The religious year is marked by twenty-four high festivals of which the Car Festival is the great event. It takes place in June or July just at the commencement of the rainy season. Pilgrims flock in for this in large numbers. A great car is built forty-five feet high, thirty-five feet square, with sixteen wheels seven feet in diameter. The god is placed in this to be drawn by a crowd of men and women down

the broad street to Lord Jagganath's country house. Although the distance is less than a mile, the journey takes several days. It is severe toil for the pilgrims and devotees. The only deaths that occur are of those who die from excitement and exhaustion, although there have been a few instances when frenzied people have thrown themselves under the wheels. When the country house is reached the enthusiasm subsides, and the god is left to be hauled back by 4,200 professional pullers, neighbouring peasants.

Why cows in India have humps, or to what use they might put them I never know until I saw those at Puri. There the humps are utilized to grow a spare leg, and in some cases two!

After watching "the heathen in his blindness" it was a relief to visit the neat little English chapel near the Dak Bungalow.





WAGNER'S THEATRE AT BEYREUTH, BAVARIA

## THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL

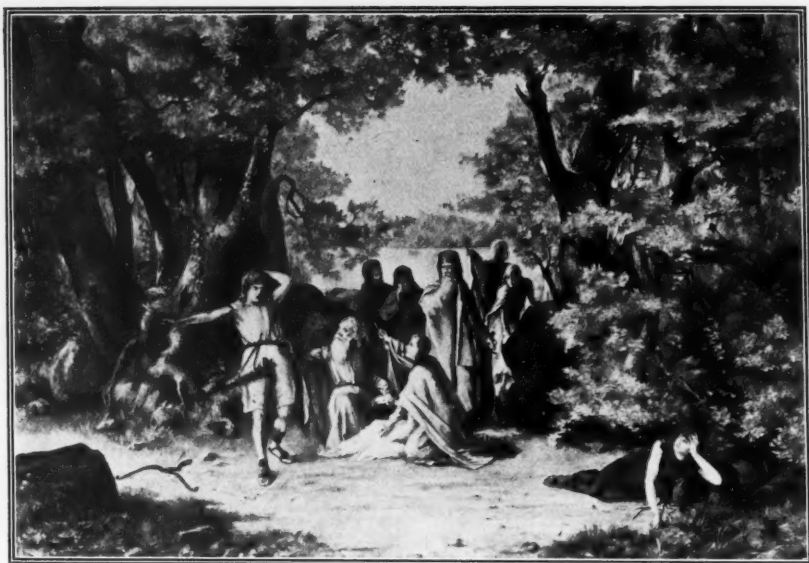
*By Nonie Powell*

ONCE in every two years the little town of Bayreuth, in Bavaria, becomes the centre of attraction to a large proportion of the music-loving world of Europe.

Bayreuth will always be associated with the name of Richard Wagner, for here the great master lived for many years, and, in the peaceful seclusion of Villa "Wahnfried," wrote some of his



PARSIFAL—SCENE A FROM ACT I



PARSIFAL—SCENE B FROM ACT I

greatest works—both the libretto and the music. Over a quarter of a century has passed since the operas, comprising the “Ring of the Nibelungen,” were first produced to signalize the opening of the theatre, built, according to Wagner’s ideas, under the patronage of King Ludwig II of Bavaria. The operas were given in the following order:—“Rheingold” on the 13th August, 1876, “Walküre” on the 14th, “Siegfried” on the 16th, and “Gotterdammerung” on the 17th of the month. Wagner had a large following even in those days, but he was not universally recognized as the genius he proved himself to be, till a much later period. The master is dead, but his works live on and prosper under the faithful supervision of his talented and devoted wife, Frau Cosima Wagner. Now his admirers flock by thousands to worship at his shrine in the distant little town in Bavaria, whose citizens *en masse*, open their hospitable doors to accommodate people with lodgings.

Last summer there was a great stir celebrating the “Festival” which commenced on July 22nd with a per-

formance of “The Flying Dutchman,” and ended August 20th with “Parsifal.”

Besides these, those operas comprising “The Ring of the Nibelungen” were repeated twice, there being in all twenty performances. The very best artists in Europe were engaged by Frau Cosima, among them such names as Mmes. Nordica, Sucher, and Malten, and Herren Van Dyck, Burgstaller, Gerhausser and Van Roy. No less celebrated are the conductors who appeared last season: Hans Richter, who conducted the first performance of the “Ring” in 1876, in the presence of Richard Wagner; Siegfried Wagner, the son of the “Poet-Composer”; Felix Mottl, who conducted the “Flying Dutchman” and Dr. Karl Muck, of Berlin, “Parsifal.”

The latter was Wagner’s “Swan-Song,” composed after the age of sixty-five, and performed for the first time in Bayreuth on July 26th, 1882, when sixteen performances were given, a year before Wagner’s death.

The story is the Legend of the Holy Grail, and deals with the sorrows of the sinful King Amfortas, who is to be redeemed by the spotless Parsifal.

Love, Faith and Hope are its themes, and it is built up principally of the Holy Supper, the Grail and Faith Motives."

It can only be produced at Bayreuth, owing to its religious character, and such was Wagner's dying wish.

It is indeed worth a pilgrimage thither to see that jewel in the setting which Wagner desired. To spend a short time in that artistic atmosphere is a unique experience. One feels for the nonce far removed from ordinary mundane cares, and to live in a world apart, uplifted on wings of glorious melody, where the spirit of Wagner's genius reigns supreme, and awakens lofty ideals and intense enthusiasm in the heart of his ardent admirers.

The Opera House stands on a knoll, partly surrounded by lovely woods, and commands a beautiful view of the valley of the Main. It is a splendid structure, most admirably planned with all the latest modern improvements. The foundation stone was laid on the 2nd May, 1872, and contains, amongst other documents, the following poem by Richard Wagner :

"Hier schliess' ich ein Geheimniss ein,  
"Da, ruh' es viele hundert Jahr,'  
"So lange es verwahrt der Stein,  
"Macht es der Welt sich offenbar."

Which, roughly translated, means :

"Here I enclose a secret,  
"Let it rest there hundreds of years,  
"As long as the stone preserves it,  
"May it reveal itself to the world."

How this "secret" of the great master is appreciated is best evinced by the enormous demand for seats (at twenty marks apiece, the one fixed price for all) months in advance of the season. The performances begin at four o'clock in the afternoon and, for some time before, one sees a stream of people mounting the hill, leading to the theatre. They meet in the grounds, when a trumpet sounds a "Motive" as the signal to enter, and all take their seats. In another moment, the theatre is plunged in darkness, and all one's attention is concentrated on the brilliantly illuminated stage.

The orchestra, one of the finest in the world, consisting of specially chosen artists, is placed a floor below the stage, and some of the louder



PARSIFAL—SCENE FROM ACT II

instruments a floor below that again, so that the sound can be regulated according to the conductor's pleasure, with the most marvellous subtle effects. In the long pauses between the acts, every one assembles in the grounds about the Opera House, to exchange ideas, and discuss the merits of the performers. It is most interesting to see so many artists of note and people of all nationalities drawn together by a

Frau Wagner\* graciously extends her hospitality to all who leave cards upon her at the Villa "Wahnfried." The house is filled with art treasures, and is a most interesting one to visit. Over the entrance is a large fresco, and the words :

"Hier wo mein Wahnen Sei dieses Haus

WAHNFRIED

Frieden fand,

Von mir benannt."



PARSIFAL—SCENE FROM ACT IV

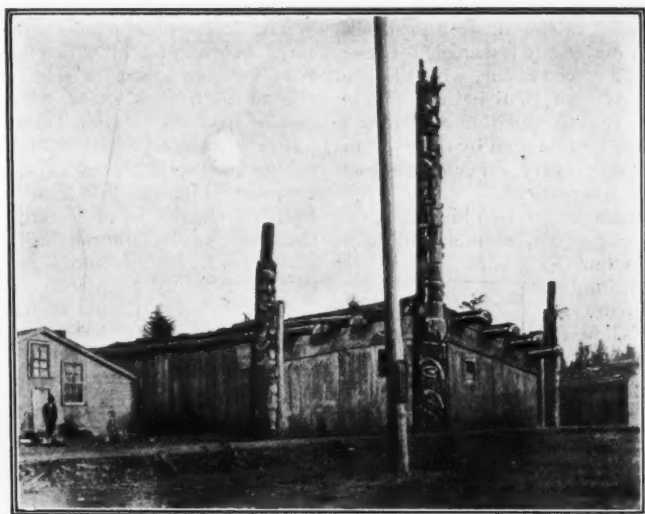
common impulse, and the sight clearly illustrates that "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

When the curtain drops on the last scene, a storm of applause breaks through the house, which rings with cries of "Hoch," but none of the artists appear, as the individual merges his identity in the whole, and desires no praise for his own personal efforts.

"Here where my Fancies found Peace, Wahnfried (which couples the two German words) be this house named by me."

In the garden behind the house, in an ivy-covered nook, is the grave of the master, and the plain stone slab which marks it is covered with floral tokens from artists and devoted admirers who thus pay their respects to his immortal memory.

\* Wagner's first wife did not appreciate his genius. His second wife was a daughter of Liszt, who, at a banquet given in Munich, in 1881, said : "I ask for no remembrance for myself or my work beyond this : Franz Liszt was the loved and loving friend of Wagner and played his scores with tear-filled eyes ; and knew the heaven-born quality of the man when all the world seemed filled with doubt."



A HAIDA TOTEM AT MASSETT, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS. IT HAS SINCE BEEN PURCHASED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

## A HAIDA TOTEM AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

*By the Rev. J. H. Keen*

TOTEMS in British Columbia are fast becoming a thing of the past. From the coast villages they have almost entirely disappeared, and one has to go either inland or to the outlying islands to find them in any number. Their removal has not been effected, as is sometimes supposed, at the instigation of the missionaries, though the missionaries, for various reasons, do not regret their disappearance. It is part of a general and very natural tendency among the Indians to imitate their white neighbours. The old Indian lodge has given place to the modern wooden cottage, and the totem, as an adjunct to the lodge, has gone too.

Probably the finest totems in British Columbia are found amongst the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the present writer has resided for some years. The photograph reproduced here shows one of their totems *in situ*, and we give below, as we received it from the Indian's lips, the legend which the totem represents.

Before, however, narrating the story it will help to its understanding if we say a word or two respecting totem poles in general.

One of the more remote Indian villages in British Columbia, seen from a distance, resembles a patch of heavily timbered woodland over which a forest fire has swept, stripping the tall trees of their foliage and branches, and leaving their bare trunks still standing. A nearer view discloses the fact that these huge poles, at least one of which stands in front of every house, have been erected by man. They vary in height from twenty-five to forty feet, and many of them are four feet in diameter. The amount of carving they bear ranges from a single figure to a chain of figures throughout their entire length. Most of the largest poles, including the one here illustrated, have been ingeniously hollowed out behind so that a cross section is in the form of a crescent. By this means the weight of the pole, and consequently



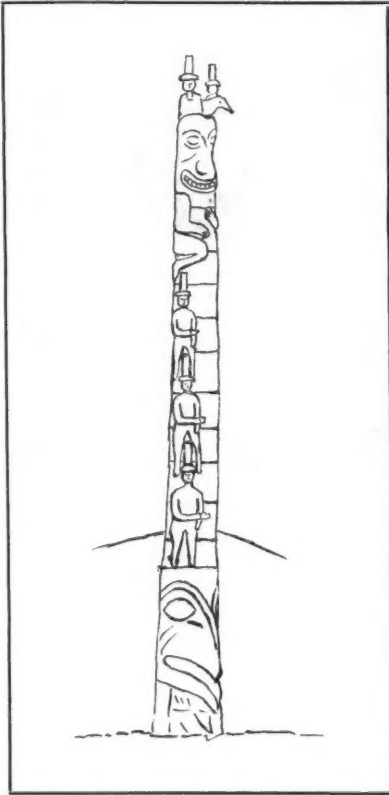
the labour of raising it into position, have been materially lessened. These poles are all of red cedar, which in the humid climate of British Columbia is so durable that the position of deserted villages can still be seen by their totem poles, though every other trace has long since disappeared.

The totems are of two kinds. One called a lodge-pole, stands (as does the one in our illustration) immediately in front of the owner's house, and by its size and the richness of its carving indicates his social status. The other, commonly called a memorial pole, always stands at a little distance from the house though still in front of it, and is erected not only as a memorial of some deceased relative, but sometimes even as a receptacle for his remains. The two kinds of poles may be distinguished by the amount of carving they bear. The memorial pole usually bears only a single figure, while the lodge-pole is more or less covered with carving.

It is commonly supposed that the figures on the lodge-pole are a representation of the various stages in the owner's pedigree. But this is not the case. Almost always, indeed, there is found amongst the figures that of the animal which does duty as the Indian's crest. But the remaining figures represent the leading actors in some Indian legend.

The lodge-pole whose story is related below, and of which we give a rough sketch to aid in the identification of the figures, stood till quite recently in front of the Haida chief's house at Massett—an Indian village on the northern shores of the Queen Charlotte Islands. It has, however, been purchased by the authorities of the University of Oxford (England), and

and was recently placed in their museum. Unlike most totem poles it has to be read from the bottom upwards. It will be seen that the pole bears eleven figures. The lowest represents the head of a finback whale—an animal which plays a prominent part in Haida tradition. Above this head are three small figures of men on each side of the pole, and above these again a large figure on whose head sit two small men with a bird between them. The large figure represents—very conventionally, it must be admitted—the head of a grizzly bear, another animal frequent in Haida mythology, which, however, is only



introduced here as being the chief's crest, and has no connection with the story itself. The body of the pole represents the tall crown of a conjurer's hat which was divided into segments marked by the horizontal lines.

The story thus embodied by the Haida woodcarver is as follows:—

There lived once at Rose Spit—the

## A NIGHT SONG

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north-eastern corner of the Queen Charlotte Islands—a great chief named Nung-kilis-tlas. He was the creator of everything around the island, and possessed unlimited power. He could also assume any form he desired; the one he usually chose being that of a huge bird. He lived by going out to sea and hunting whales, the flesh of which he ate (hence the figure of a whale at the bottom of the pole). He and his wife lived together, and his nephew, who was also his heir (for Haida descent is not from father to son, but from a man to his sister's son), lived with them. The young man, according to custom, took his uncle's name, and was known as young Nung-kilis-tlas. He, too, possessed supernatural power, and could assume whatever form he chose, his favourite dress being the skin of a crow. His escapades, most of them highly discreditable, occupy a large place in Haida stories.

One day the elder Nung-kilis-tlas was out at sea hunting when he heard a heavy clap of thunder—a most unusual sound on the Queen Charlotte Islands—and at once concluded that it was indicative of some dire calamity. He hastened home and found that in his absence young Nung-kilis-tlas had grossly insulted his aunt. Upon this, the uncle's rage became unbounded, and he vowed vengeance on the young man. Meanwhile, several friends of Nung-kilis-tlas at the neighbouring village of Skidegate, having heard the

thunder, and concluded, as he did, that something was wrong, came hurrying up to the chief's house. By this time the old man had laid his plans. He had determined to destroy the island by a flood. His wish was law, and the water at once began to rise. Before long he discovered that he himself was in danger of perishing by the flood he had caused; so, to save himself, he caused himself to grow taller as the water rose, so that his head might always be above the surface. The Skidegate visitors, seeing this, mounted to his shoulders, and from thence climbed up the crown of his hat, in which position the carving represents them.

Meanwhile, young Nung-kilis-tlas, foreseeing danger, had changed his crow's skin for that of a kingfisher. In this garb he flew up into the sky and thrust his beak through the clouds, thinking that if the water rose thus high he would at least be able to breathe. The plan was successful, and he remained there till the water had gone down. Then he descended, took his seat on the top of his uncle's hat (where he is represented on the pole) and shrieked like a kingfisher, whereupon the hat split from top to bottom. The elder Nung-kilis-tlas seeing this, and also the way in which his nephew had eluded his grasp, gave up the attempt to punish him, and before long the two became reconciled.

## A NIGHT SONG

LATELY, nearby a shadowy wood,  
I waited in the gloomy night  
And heard what seemed a distant song,  
Rolling its way in joyous flight.

Like drops of golden rain, the strains  
Came on the bosom of the breeze,  
And lodged their sweetness in my heart,  
Among a thousand memories.

*Inglis Morse*

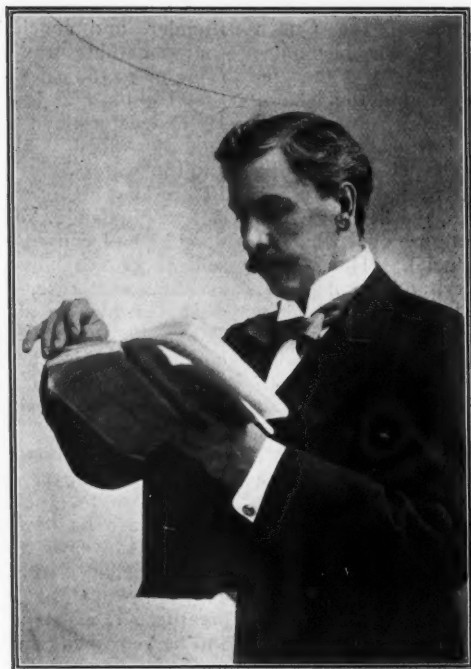


PHOTO BY EDY BROS., LONDON

CY WARMAN

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXII.—CY WARMAN AND HIS WORK

"A country that is bad or good,  
Precisely as your claim pans out ;  
A land that's much misunderstood,  
Misjudged, maligned and lied about."

THAT is Cy Warman's opinion of the Klondike in his new book entitled "A Pleasure Trip to a Busy Country," the unpublished pages of which he allowed me to see.

Mr. Warman, who is a famous globe-trotter, made his pilgrimage to the far Northwest in 1899. He has visited many countries and known people of all climes ; but in the end this cosmopolitan story-writer has pitched his tent in London, Ontario ; built himself a charming home overlooking the valley of the river Thames, and, surrounded by his little family, is daily doing his best work in a community

where he attracts less attention than was displayed by the South Sea Islanders in Robert Louis Stevenson.

And yet Mr. Warman is the discoverer of a new field. He is the pioneer of the school of railroad literature, and before his vivid, truthful and powerful stories sprang into prominence in the magazines, not a line had ever been written of railroads and their men by a man who knew what he was talking about.

Mr. Warman was born on the old Warman homestead—the land given by the U.S. Government to his father for gallant service in the war with Mexico—near Greenup, Ill. When he could vote he began to desire to reach out, to "widen his sphere." So he sold the crop and the horses, got a thou-

sand dollars, his first fortune, together, and established himself at Pocahontas, on the Vandalia, as a wheat buyer. Two weeks later he went home on a freight train whose conductor he knew. The bottom had fallen out of the market just as his first big shipment arrived in St. Louis. He had fifty cents when he got home, half of which belonged to Mr. Barry, his partner, who had also risked a thousand in the Pocahontas firm.

Then he went to Colorado, worked in a smelter, was a carpenter building snow sheds on Marshall Pass, and when the road was finished, entered the Denver and Rio Grande shops at Salida, learned the business, was fireman, locomotive engineer, caught cold, left the road reluctantly, and began the publication of *The Western Railway*, a railroad magazine, at Denver.

In 1892, he established the *Daily Chronicle* at the booming camp of Creede, Colorado. This second business venture, like his first, failed, for Creede died when the Sherman law was repealed.

In the meantime he had been singing, had met a pretty brown-eyed maiden whose first name was Marie. She had been the pet of the nuns at Sacred Heart Convent, at London, Ontario, and a great favourite at Alma College, at St. Thomas. In the shadow of Pike's Peak they met, and the "Poet of the Rockies," holding a bunch of wild flowers, sang :

Sweet Marie, here's a Columbine,  
The summer can surely spare it,  
See, here's a delicate twig to twine,  
To braid in this beautiful hair of thine,  
Take it, my queen, and wear it.

She did; he sang some more; they were married, spent a year in Southern California, another in Denver, another in London and Paris. During this last year abroad, Mr. Warman, the man who had set one of his songs to music, and the publishers divided \$50,000 in royalties, for "Sweet Marie" was a great success.

On the European trip he was commissioned by McClures to write of the

railroads in other countries. After England and France, he extended his investigations to Germany, Austria, and ultimately on through Servia and Bulgaria by the Orient express to Constantinople.

Finishing with the Holy Land and Egypt, he returned to Paris, took a flat, and wrote his first successful book, "Tales of an Engineer."

Mr. Warman tells me that on the top of a little French table at No. 7, Rue Leopold Roberts, with a small notebook beside him, he did a chapter of this book each morning until it was finished.

Returning to New York the MS. was left with Scribner, while the author continued on to Denver, where he could receive the publishers' "regrets" in the seclusion of his quiet little home. At Chicago a notice of his book's acceptance overtook him.

They returned to the East to be near New York. They lived in Washington two years, then came to Canada to spend a summer, and here they are, and here they seem likely to remain for some time.

It was on Sept. 4th, 1892, that the New York *Sun* published a column of Mr. Warman's poems, and on the following Sunday, gave him a column editorial introduction to the world as the "Poet of the Rockies."

"I had always been afraid to submit any of my prose, even to a magazine," said the author, "though I had long suspected myself of being a good strong, right-handed poet. Of course, Mr. Dana's endorsement tightened my hat-band considerably, but the first publisher I got to took it out of me, though that same dear, mistaken soul has since absorbed book after book of my prose—one a year for seven years—so I have allowed him to live."

It was shortly after receiving his "bundle of verse" back from New York that he wrote :

#### WE WERE BOTH DECEIVED.

An Astec maiden, black and tan  
Rode into Wingate on a mule,  
Met a Chicago traveling man  
Who told her, as a traveler can,



CY WARMAN'S HOME AT LONDON, ONT.

That she was wildly beautiful.  
She smiled, she hoped, she lived—alas  
She looked into a looking-glass.

'You are a poet,' my friends said,  
'Your fame has flashed from coast to coast,  
Why, you'll be read when Riley's dead,  
And Field has faded.' 'Yes,' he said :  
'You're Shakespeare's ghost.'  
But *now* I sympathize with her,  
The maid—I've seen a publisher.

Mr. Warman is an inventive genius in more ways than one. While in Washington he invented and patented a bicycle lock which was pronounced by the President of the Yale Lock Co. the best thing of its kind ever invented.

A number of his songs he has himself set to music, some of which have been published, for, as a boy, he "blew in the brass band."

"What is the great secret of success in writing?" I asked; feeling that an interview without this stereotyped question would be deemed incomplete. This was his answer :

"If humour bring but a smile and pathos a sigh, it is not enough. If you fail to produce a good laugh and burning tears, you'll be forgotten. But above all, there is the great secret of letting go when you have finished. If it is short, the first editor will buy it—for then it is not without merit. Then

the weary, over-worked, poorly-paid exchange editor "sees it in the *Sun*," for instance; knows it is safe, at all events, it is short; he copies it; the reader glances at it—it is short—he reads it, and if he likes it, he remembers you, but—he read it in the first place because it was short."

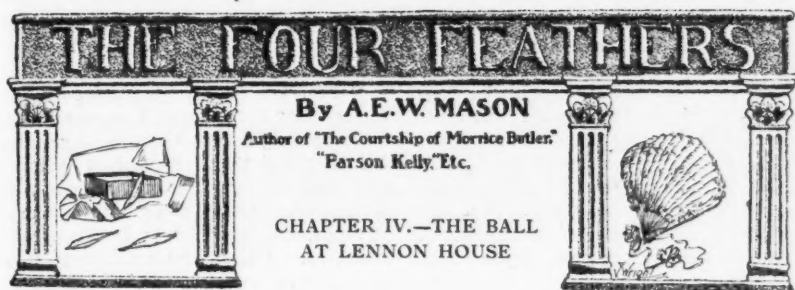
A very close friendship existed between the late Eugene Field and Cy Warman. Both were "made" in Denver, and each was deeply indebted to the great Dana, whose "*Sun*" found them out. Not very long before Field's death, the two mountain melodists met in Chicago, talked of New York, and concluded that Dana was the biggest man in that town: and then Field wrote his little poem entitled

#### CY AND I.

He's big o' heart and big o' brain,  
And he's been good unto us twain,  
Eh, Cy? says I.  
I love him, and I pray God give  
Him many, many years to live;  
Choked up, says I,  
Amen! says Cy.

Both the great Dana and the sweet singer, Eugene Field, have passed away. Cy Warman still writes and sings, with more sweetness, if with less passion than of old. F. C.





RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermot Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland.

**Y**ET Feversham had travelled to Dublin by the night mail after his ride with Durrance in the Row. He crossed Lough Swilly on the following forenoon by a little cargo steamer, which once a week steamed up the Lennon river as far as Ramelton. On the quayside Ethne was waiting for him in her dog-cart; she gave him the hand and the smile of a comrade.

"You are surprised to see me," said she, noting the look upon his face.

"I always am," he replied. "By so much you exceed my thoughts of you;" and the smile changed upon her face—it became something more than the smile of a comrade.

"I shall drive slowly," she said as soon as his traps had been packed into the cart; "I brought no groom on purpose. There will be guests coming to-morrow. We have only to-day."

She drove along the wide causeway by the river-side, and turned up the steep, narrow street. Feversham sat silently by her side. It was his first visit to Ramelton, and he gazed about him, noting the dark thicket of tall trees which climbed on the far side of the river, the old grey bridge, the noise of the water above it as it sang over shallows, and the drowsy quiet of the town, with a great curiosity and almost a pride of ownership, since it

was here that Ethne lived, and all these things were part and parcel of her life.

She was a girl at that time of twenty-one, tall, strong, and supple of limb, and with a squareness of shoulder proportionate to her height. She had none of that exaggerated slope which our grandmothers esteemed, yet she lacked no grace of womanhood on that account, and in her walk she was light-footed as a deer. Her hair was dark brown, and she wore it coiled upon the nape of her neck; a bright colour burned in her cheeks, and her eyes, of a very clear grey, met the eyes of those to whom she talked with a most engaging frankness. And in character she was the counterpart of her looks. She was honest, she had a certain simplicity, the straightforward simplicity of strength which comprises much gentleness and excludes violence. Of her courage there is a story still told in Ramelton, which Feversham could never remember without a thrill of wonder. She had stopped at a door on that steep hill leading down to the river, and the horse which she was driving took fright at the mere clatter of a pail and bolted. The reins were lying loose at the moment; they fell on the ground before Ethne could seize them. She was thus seated helpless in the dog-cart, and the horse was

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tearing down to where the road curves sharply over the bridge. The thing which she did, she did quite coolly. She climbed over the front of the dog-cart as it pitched and raced down the hill, and balancing herself along the shafts, reached the reins at the horse's neck, and brought the horse to a stop ten yards from the curve. But she had, too, the defects of her qualities, although Feversham was not yet aware of them.

Ethne during the first part of this drive was almost as silent as her companion, and when she spoke it was with an absent air, as though she had something of more importance in her thoughts. It was not until she had left the town and was out upon the straight undulating road to Letterkenny that she turned quickly to Feversham and uttered it.

"I saw this morning that your regiment was ordered from India to Egypt. You could have gone with it had I not come in your way. There would have been chances of distinction. I have hindered you, and I am very sorry. Of course, you could not know that there was any possibility of your regiment going, but I can understand it is very hard for you to be left behind. I blame myself."

Feversham sat staring in front of him for a moment. Then he said in a voice suddenly grown hoarse:

"You need not."

"How can I help it? I blame myself the more," she continued, "because I do not quite see things like other women. For instance, supposing that you had gone out, and that the worst had happened, I should have felt very lonely, of course, all my days, but I should have known quite surely that when those days were over, you and I would see much of another."

She spoke without any impressive lowering of the voice, but in the steady level tone of one stating the simplest imaginable fact. Feversham caught his breath like a man in pain. But the girl's eyes were upon his face, and he sat still, staring in front of him without so much as a contraction of the

forehead. But it seemed that he could not trust himself to answer. He kept his lips closed, and Ethne continued:

"You see I can put up with the absence of the people I care about a little better perhaps than most people. I do not feel that I have lost them at all," and she cast about for a while as if her thought was difficult to express. "You know how things happen," she resumed. "One toddles along in a dull sort of way, and then suddenly a face springs out from the crowd of one's acquaintances, and you know it at once, and certainly for the face of a friend, or rather you recognize it, though you have never seen it before. It is almost as though you had come upon someone long looked for and now gladly recovered. Well, such friends—they are few, no doubt, but after all only the few really count—such friends one does not lose, whether they are absent, or even—dead."

"Unless," said Feversham slowly, "one has made a mistake. Suppose the face in the crowd is a mask, what then? One may make mistakes."

Ethne shook her head decidedly.

"Of that kind, no. One may seem to have made mistakes, and perhaps for a long while. But in the end one would be proved not to have made them."

And the girl's implicit faith took hold upon the man and tortured him, so that he could no longer keep silence.

"Ethne," he cried, "you don't know ——" But at that moment Ethne reigned in her horse, laughed, and pointed with her whip.

They had come to the top of a hill a couple of miles from Ramelton. The road ran between stone walls enclosing open fields upon the left, and a wood of oaks and beeches on the right. A scarlet letter-box was built into the left-hand wall, and at that Ethne's whip was pointed.

"I wanted to show you that," she interrupted. "It was there I used to post my letters to you during the anxious times." And so Feversham let slip his opportunity of speech. He looked at the wonderful letter-box,

which had once received missives of so high an importance.

"The house is behind the trees to the right," she said.

"The letter-box is very convenient," said Feversham.

"Yes. I suppose that you and I are the only two people in the British Isles who are satisfied with the Postmaster-General," said Ethne, and she drove on and stopped again where the park wall had crumbled.

"That's where I used to climb over to post the letters. There's a tree on the other side of the wall as convenient as the letter-box. I used to run down the half-mile of avenue at night."

"There might have been thieves," exclaimed Feversham.

"There were thorns," said Ethne, and turning through the gates she drove up to the porch of a long, irregular grey house. "Well, we have still a day before the dance."

"I suppose the whole countryside is coming," said Feversham.

"It daren't do anything else," said Ethne with a laugh. "My father would send the police to fetch them if they stayed away, just as he fetched your friend Mr. Durrance here. By the way, Mr. Durrance has sent me a present—a Guenarius violin."

The door opened, and a thin, lank old man with a fierce peaked face like a bird of prey came out upon the steps. His face softened, however, into friendliness when he saw Feversham, and a smile played upon his lips. A stranger might have thought that he winked. But his left eyelid continually drooped over the eye.

"How do you do," he said. "Glad to see you. Must make yourself at home. If you want any whiskey, stamp twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand," and with that he went straightway back into the house.

The biographer of Dermot Eustace would need to bring a wary mind to his work. For though the old master of Lennon House has not lain twenty years in his grave, he is already swollen

into a legendary character. Anecdotes have grown upon his memory like barnacles, and any man in those parts with knack of invention has only to foist his stories upon Dermot to ensure a ready credence. There are, however, definite facts. He practised an ancient and tyrannous hospitality, keeping open house upon the road to Letterkenny, and forcing bed and board even upon strangers, as Durrance had once discovered. He was a man of another century, who looked out with a glowering, angry eye upon a topsy-turvy world with which he would not be reconciled except after much alcohol.

He was a sort of intoxicated Coriolanus, believing that the people should be shepherded with a stick, yet always mindful of his manners even to the lowliest of women. It was always said of him with pride by the town-folk of Ramelton that even at his worst, when he came galloping down the steep cobbled streets, mounted on a big white mare of seventeen hands, with his inseparable collie-dog for his companion—a gaunt, grey-faced, grey-haired man with a drooping eye, swaying with drink, yet by a miracle keeping his saddle—he had never ridden down anyone except a man. There are two points to be added. He was rather afraid of his daughter, who wisely kept him doubtful whether she was displeased with him or not, and he had conceived a great liking for Harry Feversham.

Harry saw little of him that day, however. Dermot retired into the room which he was pleased to call his office, while Feversham and Ethne spent the afternoon fishing for salmon in the Lennon river. It was an afternoon restful as a Sabbath, and the very birds were still. From the house the lawns fell steeply, shaded by trees and dappled by the sunlight, to a valley, at the bottom of which flowed the river swift and black under over-arching boughs. There was a fall, where the water slid over rocks with a smoothness so unbroken that it looked solid except just at one point. There a spur stood sharply up and the river

broke back upon itself in an amber wave through which the sun shone. Opposite this spur they sat for a long while, talking at times, but for the most part listening to the roar of the water, and watching its perpetual flow. And at last the sunset came, and the long shadows. They stood up, looked at each other with a smile, and so walked slowly back to the house. It was an afternoon which Feversham was long to remember. For the next night was the night of the dance, and as the band stuck up the opening bars of the fourth waltz, Ethne left her position at the drawing-room door, and taking Feversham's arm passed out into the hall.

The hall was empty and the front door stood open to the cool of the summer night. From the ball-room came the swaying lilt of the music and the beat of the dancers' feet. Ethne drew a breath of relief at her reprieve from her duties, and then, dropping her partner's arm, crossed to a side table.

"The post is in," she said. "There are letters, one, two, three for you, and a little box."

She held the box out to him as she spoke, a little white jeweller's cardboard box, and was at once struck by its absence of weight.

"It must be empty," she said.

Yet it was most carefully sealed and tied. Feversham broke the seals and unfastened the string. He looked at the address. The box had been forwarded from his lodgings and he was not familiar with the handwriting.

"There is some mistake," he said as he shook the lid open, and then he stopped abruptly. Three white feathers fluttered out of the box, swayed and rocked for a moment in the air, and then, one after another, settled gently down upon the floor. They lay like flakes of snow upon the dark polished boards. But they were not whiter than Harry Feversham's cheeks. He stood and stared at the feathers until he felt a light touch upon his arm. He looked and saw Ethne's gloved hand upon his sleeve.

"What does it mean?" she asked. There was some perplexity in her voice, but nothing more than perplexity. The smile upon her face and the loyal confidence of her eyes showed she had never a doubt that his first word would lift it from her. "What does it mean?"

"That there are things which cannot be hid, I suppose," said Feversham.

For a little while Ethne did not speak. The langourous music floated into the hall, and the trees whispered from the garden through the open door. Then she shook his arm gently, uttered a breathless little laugh, and spoke as though she were pleading with a child.

"I don't think you understand, Harry. Here are three white feathers. They were sent to you in jest? Oh, of course in jest. But it is a cruel kind of jest——"

"They were sent in deadly earnest."

He spoke now, looking her straight in the eyes. Ethne dropped her hand from his sleeve.

"Who sent them?" she asked.

Feversham had not given a thought to that matter. The message was all in all, the men who had sent it so unimportant. But Ethne reached out her hand and took the box from him. There were three visiting cards lying at the bottom, and she took them out and read them aloud.

"Captain Trench, Mr. Castleton, Mr. Willoughby. Do you know these men?"

"All three are officers of my old regiment."

The girl was dazed. She knelt down upon the floor and gathered the feathers into her hand with a vague thought that merely to touch them would help her to comprehension. They lay upon the palm of her white glove, and she blew gently upon them and they swam up into the air and hung fluttering and rocking. As they floated downwards she caught them again, and so she slowly felt her way to another question.

"Were they justly sent?" she asked.

"Yes," said Harry Feversham.



He had no thought of denial or evasion. He was only aware that the dreadful thing for so many years dreadfully anticipated had at last befallen him. He was known for a coward. The word which had long blazed upon the wall of his thoughts in the letters of fire was now written large in the public places. He stood as he had once stood before the portraits of his fathers, mutely accepting condemnation. It was the girl who denied, as she still kneeled upon the floor.

"I do not believe that is true," she said. "You could not look me in the face so steadily were it true. Your eyes would seek the floor."

"Yet it is true."

"Three little white feathers," she said slowly, and then with a sob in her throat. "This afternoon we were under the elms down by the Lennon river—do you remember, Harry?—just you and I. And then come three little white feathers; and the world's at an end."

"Oh don't!" cried Harry, and his voice broke upon the word. Up till now he had spoken with a steadiness matching the steadiness of his eyes. But these last words of hers, the picture which they evoked in his memories, the pathetic simplicity of her utterance caught him by the heart. But Ethne seemed not to hear the appeal. She was listening with her face turned towards the ball-room. The chatter and laughter of the voices there grew louder and nearer. She understood that the music had ceased. She rose quickly to her feet, clenching the feathers in her hand, and opened a door. It was the door of her sitting-room.

"Come," she said.

Harry followed her into the room, and she closed the door, shutting out the noise.

"Now," she said, "will you tell me, if you please, why the feathers have been sent?"

She stood quietly before him; her face was pale, but Feversham could not gather from her expression any feeling which she might have beyond a

desire and a determination to get at the truth. She spoke, too, with the same quietude. He answered, as he had answered before, directly, and to the point, without any attempt at mitigation.

"A telegram came. It was sent by Castleton. It reached me when Captain Trench and Mr. Willoughby were dining with me. It told me that my regiment would be ordered on active service in Egypt. Castleton was dining with a man likely to know, and I did not question the accuracy of his message. He told me to tell Trench. I did not. I thought the matter over with the telegram in front of me. Castleton was leaving that night for Scotland, and he would go straight from Scotland to rejoin the regiment. He would not, therefore, see Trench for some weeks at the earliest, and by that time the telegram would very likely be forgotten, or its date confused. I did not tell Trench. I threw the telegram into the fire, and that night sent in my papers. But Trench found out somehow. Durrance was at dinner, too—good heavens, Durrance!" he suddenly broke out. "Most likely he knows like the rest."

It came upon him as something shocking and strangely new that his friend Durrance, who, as he knew very well, had been wont rather to look up to him, in all likelihood counted him a thing of scorn. But he heard Ethne speaking. After all, what did it matter whether Durrance knew, whether every man knew from the South Pole to the North, since she, Ethne, knew.

"And is this all?" she asked.

"Surely it is enough," said he.

"I think not," she answered, and she lowered her voice a little as she went on. "We agreed, didn't we, that no foolish misunderstandings should ever come between us. We were to be frank, and to take frankness each from the other without offence. So be frank with me! Please!" and she pleaded. "I could, I think, claim it as a right. At all events I ask for it as I shall never ask for anything else in all my life."



There was a sort of explanation of his act, Harry Feversham remembered. But it was so futile when compared with the overwhelming consequence. Ethne had unclenched her hands, the three feathers lay before his eyes upon the table. They could not be explained away; he wore "coward" like a blind man's label; besides, he could never make her understand. However, she wished for the explanation, and had a right to it; she had been generous in asking for it, with a generosity not very common amongst women. So Feversham gathered his wits and explained:

"All my life I have been afraid that some day I should play the coward, and from the very first I knew that I was destined for the army. I kept my fear to myself. There was no one to whom I could tell it. My mother was dead, and my father——" he stopped for a moment with a deep intake of the breath. He could see his father, that lonely iron man, sitting at this very moment in his mother's favourite seat upon the terrace, and looking over the moonlit fields towards the Sussex Downs; he could imagine him dreaming of honours and distinctions worthy of the Fevershams to be gained immediately by his son in the Egyptian campaign. Surely that old man's stern heart would break beneath this blow! The magnitude of the bad thing which he had done, the misery which it would spread, were becoming very clear to Harry Feversham. He dropped his head between his hands and groaned aloud.

"My father," he resumed, "would, nay, could never have understood. I know him. When danger came his way it found him ready, but he did not foresee. That was my trouble always. I foresaw. Any peril to be encountered, any risk to be run—I foresaw them. I foresaw something else besides. My father would talk in his matter-of-fact way of the hours of waiting before the actual commencement of a battle, after the troops had been paraded. The mere anticipation of the suspense and the strain of those

hours was a torture to me. I foresaw the possibility of cowardice. Then one evening, when my father had his old friends about him on one of his Crimean nights, two dreadful stories were told—one of an officer, the other of a surgeon, who had both shirked. I was now confronted with the fact of cowardice. I took those stories up to bed with me. They never left my memory; they became a part of me. I saw myself behaving now as one, now as the other of those two men had behaved, perhaps in the crisis of a battle, bringing ruin upon my country, certainly dishonouring my father and all the dead men whose portraits hung ranged in the hall. I tried to get the best of my fears. I hunted, but with a map of the countryside in my mind. I foresaw every hedge, every pit, every treacherous bank."

"Yet you rode straight," interrupted Ethne. "Mr. Durrance told me so."

"Did I?" said Feversham vaguely. "Well, perhaps I did, once the hounds were off. Durrance never knew what the moments of waiting, before the covers were drawn, meant to me! So when this telegram came I took the chance it seemed to offer and resigned."

So he ended his explanation. He had spoken warily, having something to conceal. However earnestly she might ask for frankness, he must at all costs, for her sake, hide something from her. But at once she suspected it.

"Were you afraid, too, of disgracing me? Was I in any way the cause that you resigned?"

Feversham looked her in the eyes and lied:

"No."

"If you had not been engaged to me you would still have sent in your papers?"

"Yes."

Ethne slowly stripped a glove off her hand. Feversham turned away.

"I think that I am rather like your father," she said. "I don't understand"; and in the silence which followed upon her words Feversham

heard something whirr and rattle upon the table. He looked and saw that she had slipped her engagement ring off her finger. It lay upon the table, the stones winking at him.

"And all this—all that you have told to me," she exclaimed suddenly, with her face very stern, "you would have hidden from me. You would have married me and hidden it had not these three feathers come?"

The words had been on her lips from the beginning, but she had not uttered them lest by a miracle he should after all have some unimagined explanation which would re-establish him in her thoughts. She had given him every chance. Now, however, she struck and lay bare the worst of his disloyalty. Feversham flinched, and he did not answer, but allowed his silence to consent. Ethne, however, was just; she was in a way curious too: she wished to know the very bottom of the matter before she thrust it into the back of her mind.

"But yesterday," she said, "you were going to tell me something. I stopped you to point out the letter-box," and she laughed in a queer empty way. "Was it about the feathers?"

"Yes," answered Feversham wearily. What did these persistent questions matter, since the feathers had come, since her ring lay flickering and winking on the table. "Yes, I think what you were saying rather compelled me."

"I remember," said Ethne, interrupting him rather hastily, "about seeing much of one another—afterwards. We will not speak of such things again," and Feversham swayed upon his feet as though he would fall. "I remember, too, you said one could make mistakes. You were right, I was wrong. One can do more than seem to make them. Will you, if you please, take back your ring?"

Feversham picked up his ring and held it in the palm of his hand, standing very still. He had never cared for her so much, he had never recognized her value so thoroughly as at this moment when he lost her. She gleamed in the quiet room, wonderful, most

wonderful, from the bright flowers in her hair to the white slipper on her foot. It was incredible to him that he should ever have won her. Yet he had, and disloyally had lost her. Then her voice broke in again upon his reflections.

"These, too, are yours. Will you take them please?"

She was pointing with her fan to the feathers upon the table. Feversham obediently reached out his hand, and then drew it back in surprise.

"There are four," he said.

Ethne did not reply, and looking at her fan Feversham understood. It was a fan of ivory and white feathers. She had broken off one of those feathers and added it, on her own account, to the three.

The thing which she had done was cruel no doubt. But she wished to make an end—a complete, irrevocable end; though her voice was steady and, her face, despite its pallor, calm, she was really tortured with humiliation and pain. All the details of Harry Feversham's courtship, the interchange of looks, the letters she had written and received, the words which had been spoken, tingled and smarted unbearably in her recollections. Their lips had touched—she recalled it with horror. She desired never to see Harry Feversham after this night. Therefore she added her fourth feather to the three.

Harry Feversham took the feathers as she bade him, without a word of remonstrance, and indeed with a sort of dignity which even at that moment surprised her. All the time, too, he had kept his eyes steadily upon hers, he had answered her questions simply, there had been nothing abject in his manner; so that Ethne already almost began to regret this last thing which she had done. However, it *was* done. Feversham had taken the four feathers.

He held them in his fingers as though he was about to tear them across. But he checked the action. He looked suddenly towards her, and kept his eyes upon her face for some little while. Then very care-

fully he put the feathers into his breast pocket. Ethne at this time did not consider why. She only thought that here was the irrevocable end.

"We should be going back, I think," she said. "We have been some time away. Will you give me

your arm?" In the hall she looked at the clock. "Only eleven o'clock," she said, wearily. "When we dance here, we dance till daylight. We must show brave faces until daylight."

And, with her hand resting upon his arm, they passed into the ball-room.



#### CHAPTER V.—THE BALL AND AN ENGAGEMENT COME TO AN END

HABIT assisted them; the irresponsible chatter of the ball-room sprang automatically to their lips; the appearance of enjoyment never failed from off their faces; so that no one at Lennon House that night suspected that any swift cause of severance had come between them. Harry Feversham watched Ethne laugh and talk as though she had never a care and was perpetually surprised, taking no thought that he wore the like mask of gaiety himself. When she swung past him the light rhythm of her feet almost persuaded him that her heart was in the dance. It seemed that she could even command the colour upon her cheeks. Thus they both wore brave faces as she had bidden. They even danced together. But all the while Ethne was conscious that she was holding up a great load of pain and humiliation which would presently crush her, and Feversham felt those four feathers burning at his breast. It was wonderful to him that the whole company did not know of them. He never approached a partner without the notion that she would turn upon him with the contemptuous name which was his upon her tongue. Yet he felt no fear on that account. He would not indeed have cared had it happened; had the word been spoken. He had lost Ethne. He watched her and looked in vain amongst her guests, as indeed he knew he would, for a fit comparison. There were surely women, pretty, graceful, even beautiful, but Ethne stood apart by the particular character of her beauty. The broad forehead, the perfect curve of the eyebrows; the great steady, clear, grey

eyes, the full red lips which could dimple into tenderness and shut level with resolution, and the royal grace of her carriage, marked her out to Feversham's thinking, and would do so in any company. He watched her in a despairing amazement that he had ever had a chance of owning her.

Only once did her endurance fail her and then only for a second. She was dancing with Feversham and as she looked toward the windows she saw that the daylight was beginning to show very pale and cold upon the other side of the blinds.

"Look!" she said, and Feversham suddenly felt all her weight upon his arms. Her face lost its colour and grew tired and very grey. Her eyes shut tightly and then opened again. He thought she would faint. "The morning at last!" she exclaimed, and then in a voice as weary as her face, "I wonder whether it is right that one should suffer so much pain."

"Hush!" whispered Feversham, "Courage! A few minutes more—only a very few!" He stopped and stood in front of her until her strength returned.

"Thank you!" she said gratefully and the bright wheel of the dance caught them again.

It was strange that he should be exhorting her to courage, she thanking him for help, but the irony of this queer momentary reversal of their position occurred to neither of them. Ethne was too tried by the strain of those last hours and Feversham had learned from that one failure of her endurance, from the drawn aspect of her face and the depths of pain in her

eyes, how deeply he had wounded her. He no longer said, "I have lost her," he no longer thought of his loss at all. He heard her words: "I wonder whether it is right that one should suffer so much pain." He felt that they would go ringing down the world with him, persistent in his ears, spoken upon the very accent of her voice. He was sure that he would hear them at the end above the voices of any who should stand about him when he died, and hear in them his condemnation. For it was not right.

The ball finished shortly afterwards. The last carriage drove away and those who were staying in the house sought the smoking-room or went upstairs to bed according to their sex. Feversham, however, lingered in the hall with Ethne. She understood why.

"There is no need," she said, standing with her back to him as she lighted a candle, "I have told my father. I told him everything."

Feversham bowed his head in acquiescence.

"Still, I must wait and see him," he said.

Ethne did not object, but she turned and looked at him quickly with her brows drawn in a frown of perplexity. To wait for her father under such circumstances seemed to argue a certain courage. Indeed, she herself felt some apprehension as she heard the door of the study open and Dermot's footsteps on the floor. Dermot walked straight up to Harry Feversham, looking for once in a way what he was, a very old man, and stood there staring into Feversham's face with a muddled and bewildered expression. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. In the end he turned to the table and lit his candle and Harry Feversham's. Then he turned back towards Feversham, and rather quickly, so that Ethne took a step forward as if to get between them. But he did nothing more than stare at Feversham again and for a long time. Finally, he took up his candle.

"Well——" he said and stopped.

He snuffed the wick with the scissors and began again. "Well——" he said and stopped again. Apparently his candle had not helped him to any suitable expressions. He stared into the flame now instead of into Feversham's face and for an equal length of time. He could think of nothing whatever to say, and yet he was conscious that something must be said. In the end he said in a lame way:

"If you want any whiskey stamp twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand."

Thereupon he walked heavily up the stairs. The old man's forbearance was perhaps not the least part of Harry Feversham's punishment.

It was broad daylight when Ethne was at last alone within her room. She drew up the blinds and opened the windows wide. The cool fresh air of the morning was as a draught of spring water to her. She looked out upon a world as yet unilluminated by colours and found therein an image of her days to come. The dark, tall trees looked black; the winding paths a singular dead white; the very lawns were dull and grey, though the dew lay upon them like a network of frost. It was a noisy world, however, for all its aspect of quiet. For the blackbirds were calling from the branches and the grass, and down beneath the overhanging trees the Lennon flowed in music between its banks. Ethne drew back from the window. She had much to do that morning before she slept. For she designed with her natural thoroughness to make an end at once of all her associations with Harry Feversham. She wished that from the moment when next she waked she might never come across a single thing which could recall him to her memory. And with a sort of stubborn persistence she went about the work.

But she changed her mind. In the very process of collecting together the gifts which he had made to her, she changed her mind. For each gift that she looked upon had its history, and

the days before this miserable night had darkened on her happiness, came one by one slowly back to her as she looked. She determined to keep one thing which had belonged to Harry Feversham, a small thing, a thing of no value. At first she chose a penknife, which he had once lent to her and she had forgotten to return. But the next instant she dropped it and rather hurriedly. For she was after all an Irish girl, and though she did not believe in superstitions, where superstitions were concerned she preferred to be on the safe side. She selected his likeness in the end and locked it away in a drawer.

The rest of his presents she gathered together, packed them carefully in a box, fastened the box, addressed it and carried it down to the hall, that the servants might despatch it in the morning. Then coming back to her room she took his letters, made a little pile of them on the hearth and set them alight. They took some while to consume, but she waited, sitting upright in her armchair while the flame crept from sheet to sheet, discolouring the paper, blackening the writing like a stream of ink, and leaving in the end only flakes of ashes like feathers, and white flakes like white feathers. The

last sparks were barely extinguished when she heard a cautious step on the gravel beneath her window.

It was broad daylight, but her candle was still burning on the table at her side, and with a quick instinctive movement she reached out her arms and put the light out. Then she sat very still and rigid, listening. For awhile she heard only the blackbirds calling from the trees in the garden and the throbbing music of the river. Afterwards she heard the footsteps again, cautiously retreating; and in spite of her will, in spite of her formal disposal of the letters and the presents, she was mastered all at once, not by pain or humiliation, but by an overpowering sense of loneliness. She seemed to be seated high on an empty world of ruins. She rose quickly from her chair, and her eyes fell upon a violin case. With a sigh of relief she opened it, and a little while after one or two of the guests who were sleeping in the house chanced to wake up and heard floating down the corridors the music of a violin played very lovingly and low. Ethne was not aware that the violin which she held was the Guenarius violin which Durrance had sent to her. She only understood that she had a companion to share her loneliness.



#### CHAPTER VI.—HARRY FEVERSHAM'S PLAN

IT was the night of August 30th. A month had passed since the ball at Lennon House, but the uneventful country side of Donegal was still busy with the stimulating topic of Harry Feversham's disappearance. The townsmen in the climbing street and the gentry at their dinner-tables gossiped to their hearts' contentment. It was asserted that Harry Feversham had been seen on the very morning after the dance, and at five minutes to six—though according to Mrs. Brien O'Brien it was ten minutes past the hour—still in his dress clothes and with a white suicide's face, hurrying along

the causeway by the Lennon Bridge. It was suggested that a drag-net would be the only way to solve the mystery. Mr. Dennis Rafferty, who lived on the road to Rathmullen, indeed, went so far as to refuse salmon on the plea that he was not a cannibal, and the saying had a general vogue. Their conjectures as to the cause of the disappearance were no nearer to the truth. For there were only two who knew, and those two went steadily about the business of living as though no catastrophe had befallen them. They held their heads a trifle more proudly perhaps. Ethne might have become a little more



gentle, Dermot a little more irascible, but these were the only changes. So gossip had the field to itself.

But Harry Feversham was in London, as Lieutenant Sutch discovered on the night of the 30th. All that day the town had been perturbed by rumours of a great battle fought at Kassassin in the desert east of Ismailia. Messengers had raced ceaselessly through the streets, shouting tidings of victory and tidings of disaster. There had been a charge by moonlight of General Drury-Lowe's Cavalry Brigade, which had rolled up Arabi's left flank and captured his guns. It was rumoured that an English general had been killed, that the York and Lancaster Regiment had been cut up. London was uneasy, and at eleven o'clock at night a great crowd of people had gathered in Pall Mall, watching with pale upturned faces the lighted blinds of the War Office. The crowd was silent and impressively still. Only if a figure moved for an instant across the blinds a thrill of expectation passed from man to man, and the crowd swayed in a continuous movement from edge to edge. Lieutenant Sutch, careful of his wounded leg, was standing on the outskirts with his back to the parapet of the Junior Carlton Club, when he felt himself touched upon the arm. He saw Harry Feversham at his side. Feversham's face was working and extraordinarily white, his eyes were bright like the eyes of a man in a fever, and Sutch at the first was not sure that he knew or cared who it was to whom he talked.

"I might have been out there in Egypt to-night," said Harry in a quick troubled voice. "Think of it! I might have been out there, sitting by a camp-fire in the desert, talking over the battle with Jack Durrance; or dead perhaps. What would it have mattered? I might have been in Egypt to-night!"

Feversham's unexpected appearance, no less than his wandering tongue, told Sutch that somehow his fortunes had gone seriously wrong. He had many questions in his mind, but he did not

ask a single one of them. He took Feversham's arm and led him straight out of the throng.

"I saw you in the crowd," continued Feversham. "I thought that I would speak to you, because—do you remember, a long time ago you gave me your card? I have always kept it because I have always feared that I would have reason to use it. You said that if one was in trouble, the telling might help."

Sutch stopped his companion.

"We will go in here. We can find a quiet corner in the upper smoking-room;" and Harry, looking up, saw that he was standing by the steps of the Army and Navy Club.

"Good heavens, not there!" he cried in a sharp low voice, and moved quickly into the roadway, where no light fell directly on his face. Sutch limped after him. "Not to-night. It is late. To-morrow if you will, in some quiet place, and after nightfall. I do not go out in the daylight."

Again Lieutenant Sutch asked no questions.

"I know a quiet restaurant," he said. "If we dine there at nine we shall meet no one whom we know. I will meet you just before nine to-morrow night at the corner of Swallow Street."

They dined together accordingly on the following evening at a table in the corner of the Criterion grill-room. Feversham looked quickly about him as he entered the room.

"I dine here often when I am in town," said Sutch. "Listen!" The throbbing of the engines working the electric light could be distinctly heard, their vibrations could be felt.

"It reminds me of a ship," said Sutch with a smile. "I can almost fancy myself in the gunroom again. We will have dinner. Then you shall tell me your story."

"You have heard nothing of it?" asked Feversham suspiciously.

"Not a word," and Feversham drew a breath of relief. It had seemed to him that everyone must know. He imagined contempt on every face which passed him in the street.

Lieutenant Sutch was even more concerned this evening than he had been the night before. He saw Harry Feversham clearly now in a full light. Harry's face was thin and haggard with lack of sleep, there were black hollows beneath his eyes; he drew his breath and made his movements in a restless feverish fashion, his nerves seemed strung to breaking point. Once or twice between the courses he began his story, but Sutch would not listen until the cloth was cleared.

"Now," said he, holding out his cigar-case, "take your time, Harry."

Thereupon Feversham told him the whole truth, without exaggeration or omission, forcing himself to a slow, careful, matter-of-fact speech, so that in the end Sutch almost fell into the illusion that it was just the story of a stranger which Feversham was recounting merely to pass the time. He began with the Crimean night at Broad Place, and ended with the ball at Lennon House.

"I came back across Lough Swilly early that morning," he said in conclusion, "and travelled at once to London. Since then I have stayed in my rooms all day, listening to the bugles calling in the barrack-yard beneath my windows. At night I prowl about the streets or lie in bed waiting for the Westminster clock to tell each new quarter of an hour. On foggy nights, too, I can hear steam-sirens on the river. Do you know when the ducks start quacking in St. James's Park?" he asked with a laugh. "At two o'clock to the minute."

Sutch listened to the story without an interruption. But half way through its narrative he changed his attitude, and in a significant way. Up to the moment when Harry told of his concealment of the telegram, Sutch had sat with his arms upon the table in front of him, and his eyes upon his companion. Thereafter he raised a hand to his forehead, and so remained with his face screened while the rest was told. Feversham had no doubt of the reason. Lieutenant Sutch wished to conceal the scorn he felt,

and could not trust the muscles of his face. Feversham, however, mitigated nothing, but continued steadily and truthfully to the end. But even after the end was reached Sutch did not remove his hand, nor for some little while did he speak. When he did speak, his words came upon Feversham's ears with a shock of surprise. There was no contempt in them, and though his voice shook, it shook with a great contrition.

"I am much to blame," he said. "I should have spoken that night at Broad Place, and I held my tongue. I shall hardly forgive myself." The knowledge that it was Muriel Graham's son who had thus brought ruin and disgrace upon himself was uppermost in the lieutenant's mind. He felt that he had failed in the discharge of an obligation, self-imposed, no doubt, but a very real obligation none the less. "You see, I understood," he continued remorsefully. "Your father, I am afraid, never would."

"He never will," interrupted Harry.

"No," Sutch agreed. "Your mother, of course, had she lived would have seen clearly, but few women, I think, except your mother. Brute courage! Women make a god of it. That girl, for instance—," and again Harry Feversham interrupted.

"You must not blame her. I was defrauding her into marriage."

Sutch took his hand suddenly from his forehead.

"Suppose that you had never met her, would you still have sent in your papers?"

"I think not," said Harry slowly. "I want to be fair. Disgracing my name and those dead men in the hall I think I would have risked. I could not risk disgracing her."

And Lieutenant Sutch thumped his fist despairingly upon the table. "If only I had spoken at Broad Place. Harry, why didn't you let me speak? I might have saved you many unnecessary years of torture. Good heavens! what a childhood you must have spent with that fear all alone with you. It makes me shiver to think of it. I

might even have saved you from this last catastrophe. For I understood. I understood."

Lieutenant Sutch saw more clearly into the dark places of Harry Feversham's mind than Harry Feversham did himself; and because he saw so clearly, he could feel no contempt. The long years of childhood, and boyhood, and youth, lived apart in Broad Place in the presence of the uncomprehending father and the relentless dead men on the walls had done the harm. There had been no one in whom the boy could confide. The fear of cowardice had sapped incessantly at his heart. He had walked about with it; he had taken it with him to his bed. It had haunted his dreams. It had been his perpetual menacing companion. It had kept him from intimacy with his friends lest an impulsive word should betray him. Lieutenant Sutch did not wonder that in the end it had brought about this irretrievable mistake. For Lieutenant Sutch understood.

"Did you ever read 'Hamlet'?" he asked.

"Of course," said Harry in reply.

"Ah, but did you consider it? The same disability is clear in that character. The thing which he foresaw, which he thought over, which he imagined in the act and in the consequence—that he shrank from, upbraiding himself even as you have done. Yet when the moment of action comes, sharp and immediate, does he fail? No, he excels, and just by reason of that foresight. I have seen men in the Crimea, tortured by their imaginations before the fight—once the fight had begun you must search amongst the Oriental fanatics for their match, 'Am I a coward?' Do you remember the lines?

Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate

across?

Plucks off my beard, and throws it in my face?

There's the case in a nutshell. If only I had spoken on that night!"

One or two people passed the table on the way out. Sutch stopped and

looked round the room. It was nearly empty. He glanced at his watch and saw that the hour was eleven. Some plan of action must be decided upon that night. It was not enough to hear Harry Feversham's story. There still remained the question, what was Harry Feversham, disgraced and ruined, now to do? How was he to recreate his life? How was the secret of his disgrace to be most easily concealed?

"You cannot stay in London, hiding by day, slinking about by night," he said with a shiver. "That's too like —" and he checked himself. Feversham, however, completed the sentence.

"That's too like Wilmington," said he quietly, recalling the story which his father had told so many years ago, and which he had never forgotten even for a single day. "But Wilmington's end will not be mine. Of that I can assure you. I shall not stay in London."

He spoke with an air of decision. He had indeed mapped out already the plan of action concerning which Lieutenant Sutch was so disturbed. Sutch, however, was occupied with his own thoughts.

"Who know of the feathers? How many people?" he asked. "Give me their names."

"Trench, Castleton, Willoughby," began Feversham.

"All three are in Egypt. Besides, for the credit of their regiment they are likely to hold their tongues when they return. Who else?"

"Dermod Eustace and — and — Ethne."

"They will not speak."

"You, Durrance perhaps, and my father."

Sutch leaned back in his chair and stared.

"Your father! You wrote to him?"

"No. I went into Surrey and told him."

Again remorse for that occasion, recognized and not used, seized upon Lieutenant Sutch.

"Why didn't I speak that night?" he said impotently. "A coward, and

you go quietly down to Surrey and confront your father with that story to tell to him! You do not even write! You stand up and tell it to him face to face. Harry, I reckon myself as good as another when it comes to bravery, but for the life of me I could not have done that."

"It was not—pleasant," said Feversham simply; and this was the only description of the interview between father and son which was vouchsafed to anyone. But Lieutenant Sutch knew the father and knew the son. He could guess at all which that one adjective implied. Harry Feversham told the results of his journey into Surrey.

"My father continues my allowance. I shall need it every penny of it—otherwise, I should have taken nothing. But I am not to go home again. I did not mean to go home for a long while in any case, if at all."

He drew his pocket-book from his breast, and took from it the four white feathers. These he laid before him on the table.

"You have kept them?" exclaimed Sutch.

"Indeed, I treasure them," said Harry quietly. "That seems strange to you. To you they are the symbols of my disgrace. To me they are much more. They are my opportunities of retrieving it." He looked about the room, separated three of the feathers, pushed them forward a little on the table-cloth, and then leaned across towards Sutch.

"What if I could compel Trench, Castleton, and Willoughby to take back from me, each one of them, the feather he sent? I do not say that it is likely. I do not say even that it is possible. But there is a chance that it may be possible, and I must wait upon that chance. There will be few men leading active lives as these three do who do not at some moment stand in great peril and great need. To be in readiness for that moment is from now my career. All three are in Egypt. I leave for Egypt to-morrow."

Upon the face of Lieutenant Sutch there came a look of great and unexpected happiness. Here was an issue of which he had never thought, and it was the only issue, as he knew for certain, once he was aware of it. This student of human nature disregarded without a scruple the prudence and the calculation proper to the character which he assumed. The obstacles in Harry Feversham's way, the possibility that at the last moment he might shrink again, the improbability that three such opportunities would occur—these matters he overlooked. His eyes already shone with pride, the three feathers for him were already taken back. The prudence was on Harry Feversham's side.

"There are endless difficulties," he said. "Just to cite one. I am a civilian, these three are soldiers, surrounded by soldiers; so much the less opportunity therefore for a civilian."

"But it is not necessary that the three men should be themselves in peril," objected Sutch, "for you to convince them that the fault is retrieved."

"Oh no. There may be other ways," agreed Feversham. "The plan came suddenly into my mind, indeed at the moment when Ethne bade me take up the feathers, and added the fourth. I was on the point of tearing them across when this way out of it sprang clearly up in my mind. But I have thought it over since during these last weeks while I sat listening to the bugles in the barrack yard. And I am sure there is no other way. But it is well worth trying. You see, if the three take back their feathers"—he drew a deep breath, and in a very low voice, with his eyes upon the table so that his face was hidden from Sutch, he added—"why then she perhaps might take hers back too."

"Will she wait, do you think?" asked Sutch; and Harry raised his head quickly.

"Oh no," he exclaimed, "I had no thought of that. She has not even a suspicion of what I intend to do. Nor do I wish her to have one until the in-

tention is fulfilled. My thought was different"—and he began to speak with hesitation for the first time in the course of that evening. "I find it difficult to tell you—Ethne said something to me the day before the feathers came—something rather sacred. I think that I will tell you, because what she said is just what sends me out upon this errand. But for her words, I would very likely never have thought of it. I find in them my motive and a great hope. They may seem strange to you, Lieutenant Sutch. But I ask you to believe that they are very real to me. She said—it was when she knew no more than that my regiment was ordered to Egypt; she was blaming herself because I had resigned my commission, for which there was no need, because—and these were her words—because had I fallen, although she would have felt lonely all her life, she would none the less have surely known that she and I would see much of one another—afterwards."

Feversham had spoken his words with difficulty, not looking at his companion, and he continued with his eyes still averted:

"Do you understand? I have a hope that if—this can be set right"—and he pointed to the feathers—"we might still, perhaps, see something of one another—afterwards."

It was a strange proposition, no doubt, to be debated across the soiled table-cloth of a public restaurant, but neither of them felt it strange nor even fanciful. They were dealing with the simple serious issues, and they had reached a point where they could not be affected by any incongruity in their surroundings. Lieutenant Sutch did not speak for some while after Harry Feversham had done, and in the end Harry looked up at his companion, prepared for almost a word of ridicule. But he saw Sutch's right hand outstretched towards him.

"When I come back," said Feversham, and he rose from his chair. He gathered the feathers together and replaced them in his pocket-book.

"I have told you everything," he

said. "You see I wait upon chance; the three opportunities may not come in Egypt. They may never come at all, and in that case I shall not come back at all. Or they may come only at the very end and after many years. Therefore I thought that I would like just one person to know the truth thoroughly in case I do not come back. If you hear definitely that I never can come back, I would be glad if you would tell my father."

"I understand," said Sutch.

"But don't tell him everything—I mean not the last part—not what I have just said about Ethne and my chief-motive. For I do not think that he would understand. Otherwise you will keep silence altogether. Promise!"

Lieutenant Sutch promised, but with an absent face, and Feversham consequently insisted.

"You will breathe no word of this, to man or woman, however hard you may be pressed, except to my father under the circumstances which I have explained," said Feversham.

Lieutenant Sutch promised a second time and without an instant's hesitation. It was quite natural that Harry should lay some stress upon the pledge, since any disclosure of his purpose might very well wear the appearance of a foolish boast, but Sutch himself saw no reason why he should refuse it. So he gave the promise and fettered his hands. His thoughts, indeed, were occupied with the limit Harry had set upon the knowledge which was to be imparted to General Feversham. Even if he died with his mission unfulfilled, Sutch was to hide from the father that which was best in the son, at the son's request. And the saddest part of it, to Sutch's thinking, was that the son was right in so requesting. For what he had said was true: the father could not understand. Lieutenant Sutch was brought back to the causes of the whole miserable business; the premature death of the mother, who could have understood; the want of comprehension in the father who was left; and his own silence on the Crimean night at Broad Place.



"If only I had spoken," he said sadly. He dropped the end of his cigar into his coffee-cup, and standing up, reached for his hat. "Many things are irrevocable, Harry," he said, "but one never knows whether they are irrevocable or not until one has found out. It is always worth while finding out."

The next evening Feversham crossed to Calais. It was a night as wild as that on which Durrance had left England; and, like Durrance, Feversham had a friend to see him off. For the last thing which his eyes beheld as the packet swung away from the pier was the face of Lieutenant Sutch beneath a gas lamp. The Lieutenant maintained his position after the boat had passed

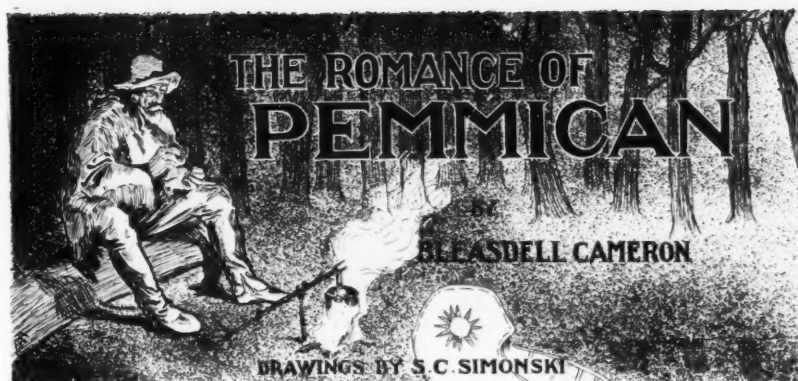
into the darkness and until the throb of its paddles could no longer be heard. Then he limped through the rain to his hotel, aware, and regretfully aware, that he was growing old. It was long since he had felt regret on that account, and the feeling was very strange to him. Ever since the Crimea he had been upon the world's half-pay list, as he had once said to General Feversham, and what with that and the recollection of a certain magical season before the Crimea, he had looked forward to old age as an approaching friend. To-night, however, he prayed that he might live just long enough to welcome back Muriel Graham's son with his honour redeemed and his great fault atoned.

TO BE CONTINUED

#### THE FALSIFIER

TIME tries his teeth on all things worth :  
 He makes our days of song and mirth  
 And haunting midnights of the soul  
 Appear a dream, a long past goal.  
 The grey horizon of his years  
 Has in it mystery and fears,  
 Like to a door that closing bars  
 The way to dawn and morning stars,  
 To lands of sweet forget-me-nots,  
 Or travail of still unborn thoughts.  
 Yet sometimes as the barriers lift,  
 When fleeting memories are drift,  
 A mystic veil sinks down at will  
 And thou art Falsifier still—  
 Precluding some dim realm far hence,  
 Just where the world seems to commence.

*Inglis Morse*



IN the month of June, 1899, the Government of Canada invited tenders for the supply of a quantity of pemmican to be used by that substantial division of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police quartered in the mining district of the Yukon. The quantity required was ten tons, and bids were invited for the supply of the whole or any portion of it. It was to be put up in 50-pound rawhide sacks and to be of three qualities: the first, for human consumption, made from good steers and cows, and the second and third from bulls and coarse cattle and fat, healthy horses, for the sustenance of the transport equipment of the Yukon division—the trains of big “Huskie” sled dogs, animals best fitted to the purposes of winter travel in the inhospitable corners of the North.

That the tenderers were few seems probable from the fact that the pemmican was manufactured, during the following months of July and August, by the Mounted Police themselves, or rather by halfbreeds and Indians under supervision of members of the Force. Some five tons were put up at Duck Lake, on the Saskatchewan River. Nearly 100 head of cattle were purchased in the district and turned over to Joseph Parenteau, an old French-Cree halfbreed buffalo hunter, who had contracted at a cent a pound for the man-

ufacture of the pemmican. Parenteau engaged Cree Indians from the adjacent reservations to do the actual work, for which they received as payment the heads and offal of the slaughtered animals. A Sergeant-Major of the Mounted Police was on hand to superintend operations and see that no tainted or foreign ingredients went into the product.

Fifty years ago pemmican was, to the shifting and scant population of the Northwest, what flour is in the present day to English-speaking peoples in most civilized portions of the globe—the staple and most common food of the country. Then it was always made from the buffalo which covered the western plains. The great fur corporation known as the Hudson's Bay Company bought hundreds of bags of the dark, nutritious compound annually from the Indians, for use at its trading posts scattered over the vast wilderness stretching from Red River and Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains and from the two Saskatchewan to the Arctic Sea, a region then designated Prince Rupert's Land. Pemmican (or, more properly, pimeekon) is a Cree word, meaning a mixture, or something made with fat. It was composed of buffalo meat dried in the sun and pounded fine, mixed with melted fat; and was sewn up in sacks made from the rawhide of the buffalo, with

the hair outside. It did not look inviting, but was in fact wholesome, strong food, which would keep for years. Besides, owing to its compactness, it was easily transported, an important consideration in the fur trade—particularly to the tripper and voyageur, whether by dog-sled, canoe or York boat. Flour, in those times, was something the great Company's servant seldom saw; a small cake or two at Christmastide was a rare treat. And tea was little less of a luxury. But, so pemmican was plenty, the absence of these things was scarcely a deprivation to him, and the rugged Orkneyman or swart halfbreed, seated by the bank of some mighty inland stream or crouched in the snow over his camp fire of willows beside the frozen highway of the wilds, ate his chunk of the packed meat and drank his tin "pot" of cold water with greater relish, perhaps, even than the fastidious clubman disposed of his dinner and wine at his fashionable Gotham or London club. What was good enough for Jack was good enough for his master, too, and no Hudson's Bay Company's officer or clerk would despise a piece of good pemmican.

But if the buffalo was important to the fur-trader, the ungainly animal was life itself to the redman; for it furnished him with everything his heart could desire or with the means of procuring it. And as, owing to the migratory instincts of the herds, which took them first into the recognized territory of one tribe and next into that of an enemy, fresh meat was not always obtainable, pemmican was the form in which the Indian preserved and laid away his store of provisions against the day of scarcity.

Omitting the excitement of the hunt and substituting domestic herds for the wild ones of the plains, a description of pemmican-making by the Indians a quarter of a century ago will give an idea of what might have been witnessed at Duck Lake in the summer of 1899.

Intelligence that a band of buffalo was in the vicinity threw the In-

dian camp at once into a state of violent excitement. Men rushed from the lodges, buckling on quivers of arrows and belts of cartridges, women talked and gesticulated, boys raced wildly about shouting shrilly to one another, the horse herd was driven in, and in a few minutes the bucks, mounted on their "buffalo-runners" and under the direction of the chief of the hunt, moved in a silent body out of the camp. On nearing the herd advantage was taken of each slight rise or dip to cover the approach, which was always up wind, so that the wary brutes should not catch the scent. Stealthily they rode, one behind another, until concealment was no longer possible. Then, at a signal from the chief, they burst upon the open plain, and dashed, yelling, at the top speed of their trained horses at the startled herd.

Usually it was some distance away—perhaps half-a-mile—and it took a good horse to overhaul a buffalo. Once up with the straining animals, however, their pace slackened, and the rest was comparatively easy. Onward galloped the hunters between the long, undulating files of shaggy, brown backs, picking out the fat cows and the young bulls at their leisure. And, as a feathered shaft left the snapping bowstring and a stricken beast tottered and went down, the loud, triumphant cry of the hunter rang out, and he tossed a moccasin or a beaded firebag beside it to mark his kill, and then flew on.

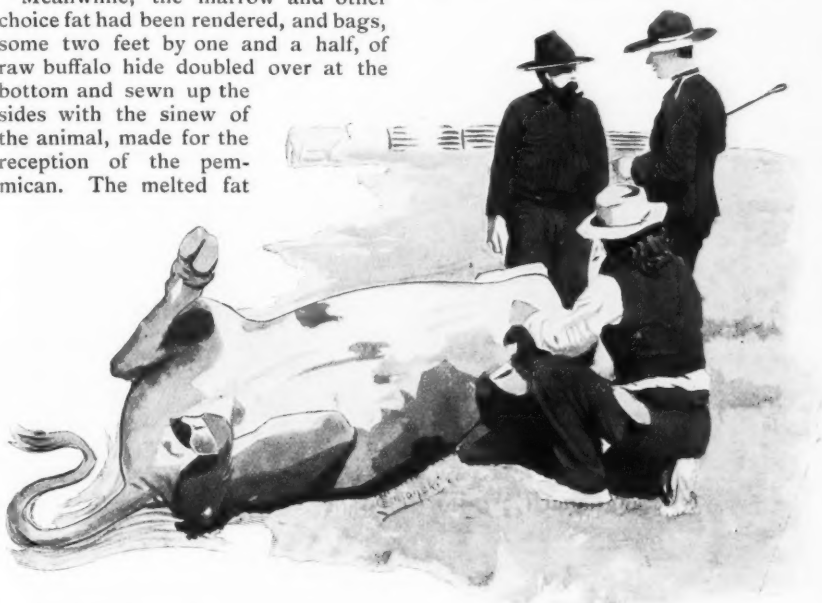
The chase might last as long as the horses' wind. When it was over the women came with the ponies and the trailing travoys upon the field of slaughter. The carcasses were soon stripped of their hairy coats, the meat packed on the travoys, the bones broken and the marrow extracted, and, loaded with the red spoil, the whole party returned to camp. Here, in an incredibly short time, the meat was cut into wide, thin sheets, and hung upon pole frames in the sun and wind to dry. After a day or two these sheets were removed and spread upon the clean prairie-grass, where, if the weather continued fair, they soon became as

hard as shingles. They were then placed upon a hide threshing-floor with the sides elevated on short pegs to form a sort of basin and beaten with flails or between stones until the meat was reduced almost to a powder. The strange thing was that if properly handled the flesh seldom, if ever, became at all tainted, though in any other than the dry, pure atmosphere of the Northwest such a method of preparing it would doubtless be impossible.

Meanwhile, the marrow and other choice fat had been rendered, and bags, some two feet by one and a half, of raw buffalo hide doubled over at the bottom and sewn up the sides with the sinew of the animal, made for the reception of the pemmican. The melted fat

The meat was already cooked in a measure by sun, wind and the hot fat, but if you preferred, after tearing off the adhering hide, you could fry it in a pan or boil it in a pot.

Only the leanest meat is used for pemmican. That which is streaked with fat and, therefore, will not get hard enough to pulverize well, is called dried meat. It is cut and cured in sheets like the other, but is afterward folded up and tied, half a dozen sheets together, into bales two feet square.



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE FIRST STEP IN THE MAKING OF PEMMICAN—THE STEER HAS JUST BEEN SHOT

was next poured over the shredded meat in the threshing basin and the whole mixed to the consistency of paste. That was the pemmican. It was shovelled into the sacks, pounded down, and after the tops had been sewn up and the bags jumped upon to make them flat, the cooled pemmican packages were as solid and almost as hard as so many boulders. When you desired to eat pemmican you chopped a piece off with an axe, sack and all.

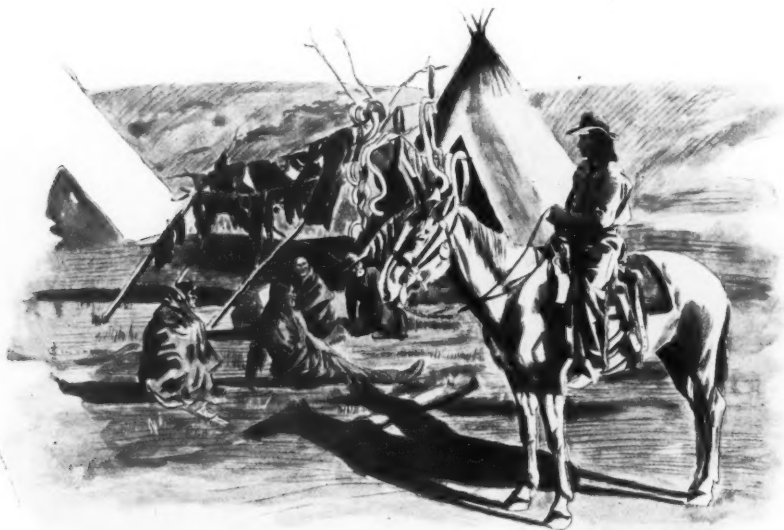
Like pemmican the dried meat is nutritious, but it is not quite so palatable, especially if it has been made for a long time. Nor does it keep as well.

Such, twenty years ago, was pemmican making on the plains. Shooting cattle was tame sport compared with the buffalo chase, but when in 1900 the Indians learned of the call for tenders, they spoke together of the bountiful dead past and came 200 miles

to feast and look on. For days the sheets of rich beef hung warping in the sun, and by night the tom-toms beat and quaint wild chants rose above a hundred camp fires.

The accompanying photographs were taken at Duck Lake during the pemmican making. The first shows the initial step in the process—the steer just shot. Near his head stands the Sergeant-Major of the Mounted Police and the halfbreed contractor, Parienteau. Eyapais, a Salteaux Indian, kneels beside the dead animal. The

pounds. As the latter figures represent the full food product (including the tongues, which are dried) and nutritive strength of the 86 animals, it will be at once seen what an economical form of provision, for transportation purposes, pemmican is. When it is further recollected that in any moderately temperate climate it will keep for years, the idea suggests itself that pemmican might be a useful addition to the commissariat of a military campaign such as the British are now conducting in South Africa.



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE LABOURERS' TOLL

In the making of Pemmican, the Indians do the work and receive as pay the heads and offal of the slaughtered animals.

frontispiece shows the beef drying on the pole frames, and the illustration on this page some of the portions given the Indians in payment for work performed; these are also being prepared for future consumption.

Eighty-six animals, in all, were slaughtered, representing some 60,000 pounds of dressed fresh beef. From this was secured two tons, each of first and second class pemmican, and one ton of dried meat, a total of 10,000

pounds. As nearly as may be estimated without official data, the cost to the Canadian Government of the pemmican made at Duck Lake—each pound of which was the equivalent of six pounds of fresh beef—would be about 40 cents per pound.

In the winter of 1881-2 I bought 50 pounds of pemmican from a halfbreed trader, for use on a 200-mile trip along the North Saskatchewan River. It had been made by the Blackfoot In-



dians and occasional buffalo hairs or stalks of dry grass were found in it. Yet I have made many such trips since, and on none of them have I eaten meat more wholesome, sustaining, or that I more thoroughly enjoyed than my 50-pound lump of pemmican. The half-breeds make a preparation of it which they call "rubaboo." The pemmican is mixed with flour and water, seasoned and stewed in a frying pan. This I found the most appetizing form in which to eat it.

In the Athabasca and Mackenzie River districts of the Far North the Indians make a pemmican of moose and caribou flesh, mixed with dried wild fruit. It is called "berry pemmican," and I have heard it compared with English plum-pudding. But the true "pemmican days" have gone with many other of the most picturesque features of the old Northwest life. Only the counterfeit remains.

## TO DOROTHY

ON this work-a-day world, my wee one, dear,  
The moon looks down like an opal true,  
And all the clouds are opals too,  
Shimmering soft and clear ;  
But if we think all's work down here,  
While the beauty's all in the sky so blue,  
Where moonlight's bathing the stars with dew,  
It's a-dream we are, my wee one.

For in this work-a-day world, my dear,  
The opals live in your tender eyes,  
That caught their blue from the night-blue skies,  
Opals without a peer ;  
And moonbeams bright we see from here,  
Still pale by your radiant smile so wise,  
You must have caught that beyond the skies,  
Confess it right now, my wee one.

In this work-a-day world, my wee-one sweet,  
The wind still plays with the poplar leaves,  
And how it moans when the poplar grieves,  
Hurt by the cold and sleet,  
Then the poplar bows with a grace complete,  
As the wind that sad little fancy weaves,  
That "work" is "play" and the pain it leaves,  
Just part of the game, my wee one.

Then lullabye—sleep—my wee one—pet,  
And play—Oh, play dear, the whole dream thru,  
The work will come so soon for you,  
When play's not over yet.  
Then lullabye, dear, the sun's long set.  
And while she is sleeping the angels sue  
For some of the love that a wee one drew  
From a heart that was weary.

*M. Elma Bingeman*

## THE GRAVES OF THE ENGLISH DEAD

IN a burial ground, by the side of the sea, that fronts to the crimson west,  
 In the gathering twilight, I sat alone where the Dead were lying at rest ;  
 And it seemed that Voices from far-away in longing vainly cried—  
 Yet I only heard as it sang to the shore the voice of the ceaseless tide :  
     As the moon up-rose from the purple waves,  
 I looked on that garden of silent graves—  
     And Sadness crept to my side.

“These are such,” I mused, “who are sleeping here, as have chosen a peaceful life ;  
 As have lived and died in their sea-girt home, untouched by the lust of strife :  
 They are such as humbled themselves to Fate, choosing the lesser pain—  
 Yet they wrought like men, were England's sons, who here in their home are lain.  
     But what of the others—the heroes they !—  
     Who, true to their blood, have sailed away—  
     And will never return again ?

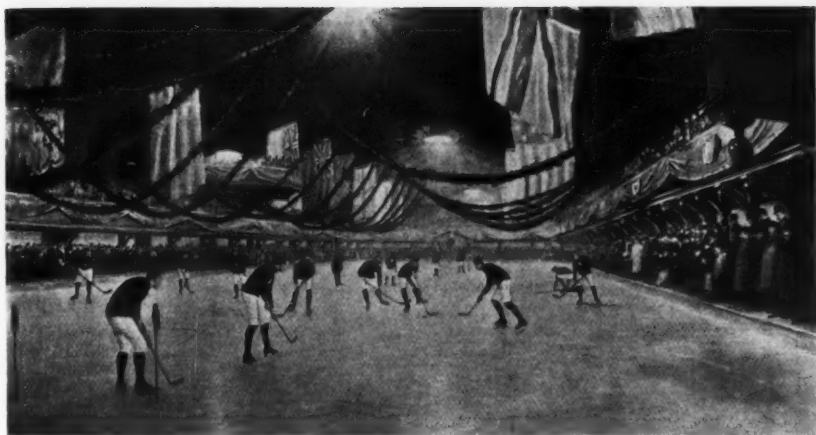
Where do they lie, those dauntless ones, who in pride of their English birth  
 Carried the Sword or the Word of God to the uttermost parts of the earth ;  
 Who in bearing the White-man's burden have suffered and wrought and bled—  
 And stamped forever the wide world over the mark of their tireless tread ? ”  
     And lo ! in a vision that came to me,  
     I saw, in the lands beyond the sea,  
     The Graves of the English Dead.

I saw where the scattered legion lay, afar from their island home,  
 Like seed from the hand of a sower, like stars in the Heaven's dome :  
 They lie in the five great continents ; they are fanned by every breeze ;  
 Are tombed in the ice of the frozen pole or the shade of the cactus trees—  
     And such as were whelmed by the wrathful waves  
     Are asleep in the gloom of the coral caves,  
     In the depths of the Seven Seas.

Where the far-away Northlands sunless stretch, where the cold winds moan above,  
 There are footsteps locked in the ice-floe, there are bones of the race we love :  
 'Mid the waterless deserts' dust-blown drifts, by God and Devil banned,  
 The steps of our brothers who challenged Death are lost in the shifting sand.  
     Oh, bravely they lived, and as bravely died,  
     These men who wrought, to their Country's pride,  
     The works of heart and hand.

In a burial ground, by the side of the sea, that fronts to the mystic west,  
 By the light of the moon, I sat alone where the Dead were lying at rest ;  
 And it seemed that a voice from far away in a longing whisper said :  
 “How long, how long, Dear Lord, how long e'er Blood to Blood be wed ? ”  
     There's a voice in the ocean's muffled roar  
     Telling a tale to the English shore  
     Of the Graves of the English Dead.

*Vernon Nott*



A HOCKEY MATCH IN VICTORIA RINK, MONTREAL  
FROM A PHOTO TAKEN SOME YEARS AGO

## SOME OBSERVATIONS ON HOCKEY

*By A. H. Beaton, Sec. Ontario Hockey Association*

THE growth and development of hockey have been so recent and rapid that it is unnecessary to give even a brief resume of what is common knowledge to all Canadians. Suffice it to say, that within the comparatively short period of twenty years there has been created one of the most graceful and scientific winter sports. During fully half of this period, however, all knowledge of the game was limited to a few enthusiasts in three or four centres, so that within less than ten years the game has been introduced to and taken a firm hold of the people generally, until now its popularity is unsurpassed by that of any other pastime. The average Canadian's palate is not jaded, neither is he looking for new sensations nor unduly addicted to hobbies, so that it is safe to say that since he has pronounced in unmistakable terms in favour of hockey as the national winter sport, he means it, and the game is here to stay.

It is only within the last seven or eight years that this game has been played generally throughout the whole

country. Prior to that time such places as Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, and of course Winnipeg, were the chief exponents of hockey, but since then the popularity of the game has become so universal that there is scarcely a village in Canada where a hockey club of some sort does not flourish. The Montreal and Winnipeg Clubs for some years were acknowledged to excel all other hockeyists in Canada, but with the rapid introduction of the game throughout Ontario and other parts of the Dominion there has been developed a much finer quality of hockey than existed when the game was confined to the few centres above mentioned. No team from the Maritime Provinces has recently visited Montreal or Toronto, but the game has always been popular there.

Although the features of the game are familiar to all, one or two may be worthy of mention, and are suggested by contrasting the present scientific development of hockey with the crude beginning of a few years ago. By the enforcement of the most rigid rules

much of the roughness which was inseparable from the earlier game and was the chief characteristic of its forerunner, shinny, has now quite disappeared, but it has taken some years to bring this about, some people thinking that the rules were being enforced too rigidly, and the game was being spoiled. The complaint is frequently heard that the referee is too strict, and will not allow even a heavy body check; however, this is the safer side on which to err, and it cannot be disputed that the elimination of everything approaching roughness has had a tendency to improve the game in every respect. In hockey, as in all outdoor sports the player who does not indulge in rough and unfair tactics is

seldom injured, and his work invariably excels that of the man who thinks his weight should be used to the disadvantage of his opponent at every opportunity. The man who "plays the puck" always does more effective work for his team than the one who "plays the man."

The Ontario Hockey Association, formed in 1890, has done much to improve and refine the game, and has always kept a keen watch over the interests of its clubs, the result being that the playing rules are now much more perfect than ever before, and the entire sport has been elevated to a standard

not approached by many other games. In the past two or three years the quality of hockey played in Toronto and Western Ontario has undergone great improvement, and the east can no longer claim to have a monopoly of first-class hockey. A few years ago hockey of the highest grade was not found west of Queen's University, Kingston, but for the past two seasons the crack team



THE TORONTO WELLINGTONS ON THEIR WAY TO WINNIPEG



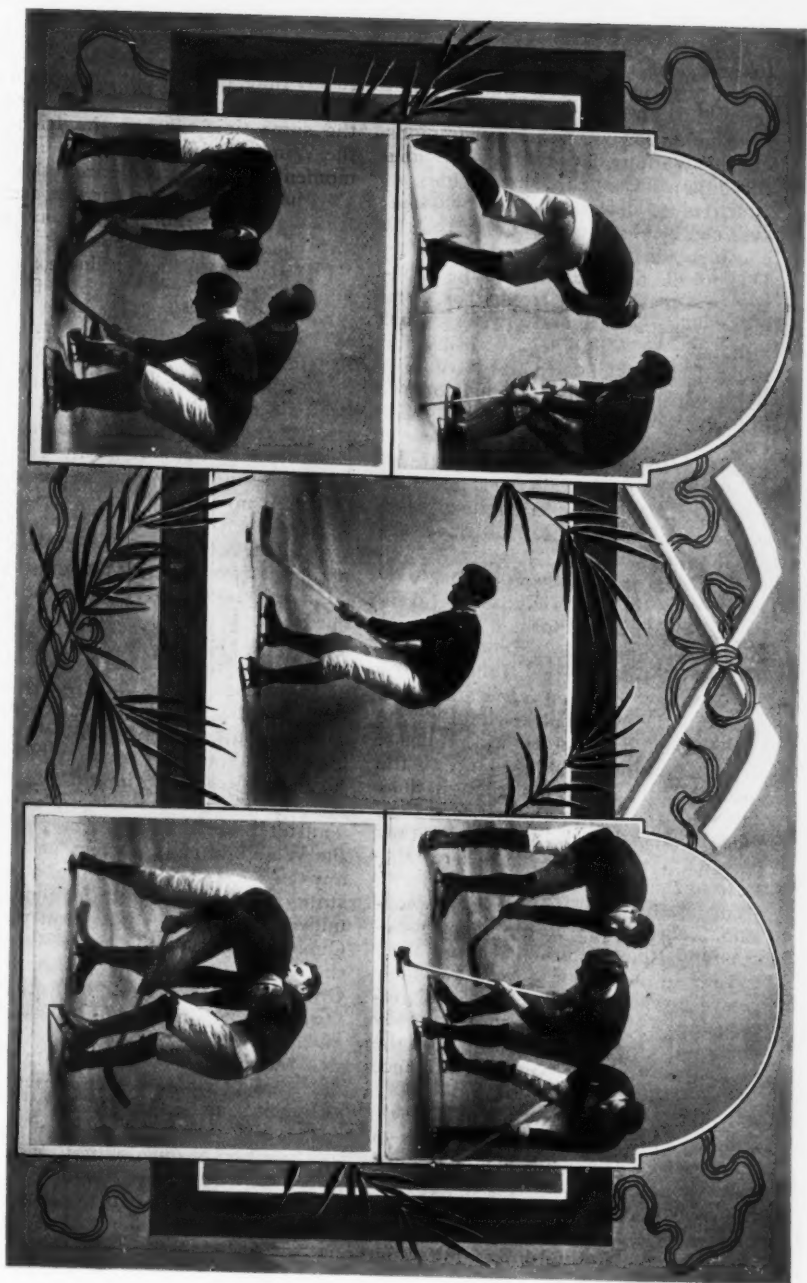
THE RETURN TRIP

of that institution has been defeated in the finals by the Wellingtons of Toronto, the present Senior Champions of Ontario. It is worthy of remark that since 1890 the Queen's University Club has been represented in the finals every year except that of 1892.

A SHOT ON GOAL  
A FACE-OFF

POINT LIFTING THE PUCK

ABOUT TO START A RUSH  
A FORWARD CHECKED



SOME LEADING FEATURES OF HOCKEY

A SHOT ON GOAL  
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ABOUT TO START A RUSH  
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Prior to 1893 there was no trophy to represent the Championship of all Canada, so in that year Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby) presented a Cup for competition between the champions of the various hockey associations throughout Canada, the holder of which must defend the trophy whenever challenged, provided the trustees consider such challenges reasonable. During the nine years since the donation of this Cup, the trophy has been held principally by Montreal clubs, although the Winnipeg Victorias (the present holders of the Cup) have been frequent and persistent challengers, and occasionally with success. On only three occasions previous to the present season has an Ontario team made an effort to obtain the Championship, Ottawa having tried unsuccessfully once and Queen's University twice to lift the Cup.

Some six or seven years ago a few youngsters in the vicinity of Jarvis Street, in Toronto, formed a juvenile club called the Wellingtons, and soon entered the Junior Series of the O.H.A., where they made a reputation for themselves, eventually winning the Championship of Ontario in that class. They ambitiously stepped up to the Intermediate Series, and though their age and weight were much less than those of most Intermediate teams, they played fast hockey, and here also showed themselves the best in Ontario, securing the Intermediate Championship. Having played together so successfully, they determined to try their fortune in the Senior Series, and their prowess was rewarded by the Championship of Ontario in 1900, when they defeated Queen's University in the finals. They repeated their performance the following year.

In the beginning of the present season, wishing to avail themselves of the privilege of Provincial Champions, the Wellingtons challenged for the Stanley Cup, and with most commendable pluck, but rather indifferent support from a doubting public, made the trip to Winnipeg, and competed with the Victorias of that city for the much-

coveted trophy. Of the games played in this competition it is only necessary to say that the Wellingtons surprised their most enthusiastic admirers, at the same time causing the friends of the Winnipeg Victorias many anxious moments, for all recognized that the Cup had had a very narrow escape. Although the Toronto team were handicapped by the absence of one "forward" and their reliable "cover point," whose places had to be filled by juniors, together with the fact that the Winnipeg players had been practising for almost two months, whereas there had been very little ice in Toronto prior to their trip, the Wellingtons played two very close matches, the result of each being in doubt until the referee's whistle sounded for the expiration of time. At no stage in either match was it possible to make much choice between the two teams, the score alternating in favour of each throughout the hour's play, so that it was close till the finish, the score in each match being Winnipeg Victorias 5, Wellingtons 3. Seldom has an athletic contest in Canada aroused more universal interest than was the case in the Stanley Cup competition, a remarkable feature being that almost as much credit was given the defeated team as went to the victors. The contest demonstrates beyond all doubt that the game played by the Wellingtons is as fast as that of any team in Canada, and this notwithstanding the more favourable conditions under which the game flourishes in Quebec and Manitoba, where the weather is more certain and steady than in Ontario. In Winnipeg and Montreal the rinks excel those of Ontario by so much that it must occasion surprise that the hockeyists of the latter Province have attained such a degree of excellence considering the difficulties with which they have to contend.

There can be no doubt that in Toronto, at least, there is room for an arena rink, and if some public-spirited capitalist would make the move, the necessary amount to build the same would soon be subscribed and the dividends would be sure.

# MR HOOLEY

## on Matrimony



"HELLO! Grogan, lookin' for a match, are ye? Well, faith here's wan of the best, always goes on furst shtrike, never a bad wan in the bunch. Light up, me boy! No chokin' sulphur from that match, an' she'll burn to the ind like an ould country candle. Och hone! Grogan, me mind do be runnin' on Matches the night—matrimonial an' lightin'. There do be good an' bad of both kinds, I'm thinkin', Grogan. Hivin knows there's more bad lightin' matches than good wans. There's many a shlip betuxt the match an' the hip wid lots of thim, an' as for the matrimonial wans, faith! there's many a shlip among thim, too.

"'Tis a call I had the day from Lanty O'Brien that's set me thoughts

runnin' this way, Grogan. Poor Lanty married the Maher gurl—the ould yaller wan wid the sour face. What Lanty saw in her, niver a wan knew—unless he was tuk by the high airs she put on, wid her father an Alderman, her brother in the Post Office, a pianny in the house, an' all that, but marry her he did, an' 'tis the sad-faced lad he is the day. He come in here for a nip of Irish the mornin', the furst time he daured out for a dhrink, I hould, since his weddin'-day, six months gone. He tuk his whiskey in sips, Grogan, an' ate a coffee bane afther ivery dhrup, afraid of his own breath an' Ellen Maher's tongue, Grogan. 'Here,' sez I to him at long last, 'take it thro' a peashooter, if ye are ashamed of honest dhrink,' sez I, an' I handed him wan of thim oil cloth shtraws that I keep for the dudes, an' he tuk it, Grogan, may I niver sin, an' he tuk it, him that was as bould a boy as any in the ward a few months ago.

"'Tis a happy man you must be now, Lanty,' sez I, 'in the blissed state of matrimony.'

'D'ye think so?' sez he, wid a quare look, 'An' why not,' sez I, 'marriage is a holy institution. Marriages are made n Hivin,' sez I. 'They do be the makin' of the other place on earth thin,' sez he, an' he wint out, an' the bitter way he said it, Grogan, has been in me mind all day.





A GOOD MATCH

can dipind on thim. No disrespect to ye, Grogan, but there do be some men who go thro' life askin' for a match—meet thim when iver you like—'Gimme a match' or 'Len' me a match,' they say to ye. Why they say—'Len' me,' not wan of me knows, for no wan's lookin' to get thim back. But 'tis a grate leveller, a grate inthroducer, is a match. 'Tis a letter of inthroduction to any wan in the shmokin' car to borry or lind a match, an' 'tis the grate civilizer too, Grogan, for matches an' pants go together, an' the naked haythin wouldn't know what to do wid a match till he got panties. I don't know which was invinted furst—matches or pants—but the man that invinted the wan laid the foundation for the other. They go together, Grogan—wid a bunch of Eddy's Matches an' a pair of pants to sthrike thim on, wan could go anywhere.

"There are some matches tho', Grogan, that would take the leg aff ye before they'd light—ye have to carry a bit of a brick in yer pocket to sthrike thim on, but they're not 'the Hull thing,'—as the byes say. Some people buy matches, Grogan, an' more don't. Did ye iver know a drummer to buy a match? No ye niver! an'

"Ah! well, Grogan, there do be good an' bad marriages, an' the good matches of that kind are made in Hivin, I'm thinkin', just as the good lightin'matches are made in Hull."

"Comin' back on me for another match, are ye Grogan? Well take yer fill—they all come from the best place, an' you

their pockets are always bulgin' wid the best. Nothin' but Eddy's will satisfy thim lads, an' they know ivery Hotel desk, an' bar where they are to be found, an' they are theirs when they see thim, Grogan, but no wan begrudges thim, for matches are chape an' the drummer byes are the best in the land, always ready to spind their money free, or their bosses' ayther.

"Whin matches were dearer, an' hotel men were maner, som of thim used to put away their match boxes, an' take a bit of a boord an' dhrive nails in it till it looked like a porky pine, an' thin they'd shprinkle the matches betune the nails, so that it would wrinch the finger aff ye if ye tried to take more than wan at a time, but the drummer lads would tip the boord over an' shake out the lot, an' il ye nailed the boord to the bar they'd set fire to the bunch, so they would. They're hard to bate, Grogan, thim drummers. They bate the drummers tho' down in the Lower Providences. Ye were niver there? Well, they have matches there like Curry Combs—just bits of boord, Grogan. They sell thim in slabs an' ye have to bite aff wan at a time, an' if ye wanted to carry a dozen ye'd have to put thim in yer thrunk—six at a time is the limit, an' whiniver ye see a drummer makin' a race at the match box on the desk at the Windsor Hotel, ye'll know he's just back from the Lower Providences an' hungry for Eddy's Matches. But they are improvin' down there, Grogan, an' they tell me ye can get the best of everything—Radnor Wather, Eddy's Matches an' all.

"If I made as good matches as Misther Eddy, of Hull, Grogan, I'd be thrubbed about the hereafter, for



GROGAN

while me natural piety would be drawin' me hopes above, the manufacturin' possibilities of the other place would be appealin' to me. Just think of it, Grogan. Faith! if I was Misther Eddy and I landed there I'd be shplinterin' me coffin in a jiffy, and dippin' the shplinters in the lake—for the expoort trade. Think of it, Grogan, and he'd only have to change one letter in his labels, too. Afther all, Grogan, nayther a matrimonial nor a lightin' match is a raffle, as some say. It's the way they're made that tells. Take Lanty there—if he followed his heart an' married the little Farrel girl, 'tisn't the bitter word he'd be afther sayin' the day, for whin two lovin' hearts come togither widout thought of money or anythin' else, but just to be lovin' an' helpin' each other wid the kind word an' the gentle touch, faith, Grogan, there's nothin' half so swate in life, as Tom Moore sez, an' come good or bad thin from the outside, Grogan, there's always the bright light of love inside waitin' for ye, an' 'tis many a poor lad that's sore beaten by the weary worl', an' come to his own door tired an' done, an' 'tis the pleasure to see the little woman meet him there, wid niver a word perhaps, but just a look an' a pat of the hand, as she draws his arm aroun' her and shmiles up into the face that the whole worl' seemed to have been frownin' on the long bitter day, and the beaten look dies out, Grogan, and his face lights up wid the light of love, an' the brave look comes back an' the man is ready

to face the worl' again, heartened an' proud for the love an' faith of that wan little woman that gives him the cour-

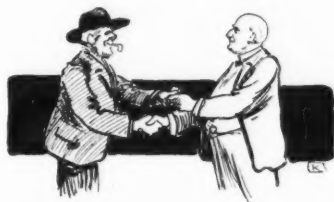
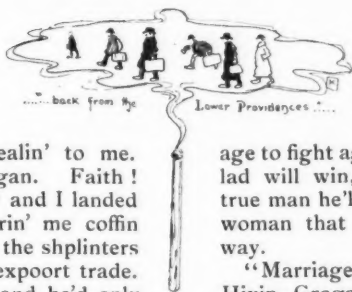
age to fight again, an' some day that lad will win, Grogan, an' being a true man he'll niver forget the little woman that cheered him on the way.

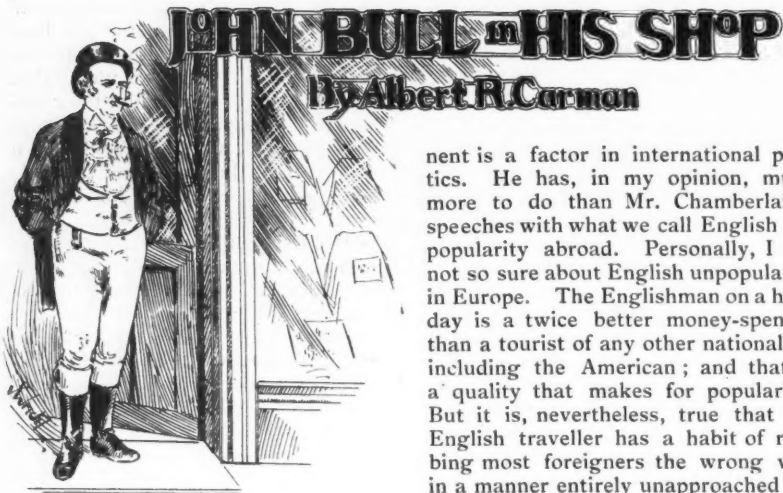
"Marriages like that are made in Hivin, Grogan, an' long may they make thim, an' expoort them to this weary worl', for we'll niver have too many of that kind.

"But if 'twas to an Ellen Maher a beaten man came home, thin Hivin help him! Grogan, Hivin help him!

"An' so 'tis wid the other matches—the lightin' wans—there are good an' bad, some of thim just sputter an spit and fail ye whin' ye're needin' the heartenin' light—lots of thim made of frozen fireproof wood that can't light up. An' then there's thim fancy wans made of wax or tally that look pretty, but don't light in a natural way an' kapes ye' lookin' for somethin' to shtrike thim on—fellows that use that kind, Grogan, have no call to be wearin' pants.

"But there's others, Grogan, that can be dipinded on whareiver ye are, an' 'tis just an aisy an' gentle shstroke along the leg of yer pants, an' there ye are, burnin' bright an' ready to light yer pipe, yer shtove, or yer lamp. Thim matches are made in Hull, Grogan, by Misther Eddy, an' long may he make thim for the lightin' of this worl', for, as I said before, Grogan, wid an Eddy match an' a pair of pants wan can go anywhere."





**T**HE Canadian cannot carry a critical mood very far into the United Kingdom just now. It may have been different in other days, but superlative kindness is a sure solvent of criticism; and superlative kindness is the lot of the Canadian tourist who makes his identity known to-day anywhere in the three kingdoms.

John Bull is not, as a rule, effusively and demonstratively cordial to strangers. One of his "faults"—to quote his critics—is his coldness. I know a man who went to England to hunt up some of his father's relatives, taking his wife—a typical American—with him; and she cannot speak now of the visit without choking over the coolness of these English people's reception of their relative—and her husband.

"What would you do," she asked him one day, "if my people received you like that?"

"Your people?" he cried in astonishment. "Why, they just daren't—I'd raise an awful row with them." But, in his own case, he contents himself with saying that his people are English—though that does not make him like the English.

The English traveller on the Conti-

nent is a factor in international politics. He has, in my opinion, much more to do than Mr. Chamberlain's speeches with what we call English unpopularity abroad. Personally, I am not so sure about English unpopularity in Europe. The Englishman on a holiday is a twice better money-spender than a tourist of any other nationality, including the American; and that is a quality that makes for popularity. But it is, nevertheless, true that the English traveller has a habit of rubbing most foreigners the wrong way in a manner entirely unapproached by anybody else; and that the great mass of the European peoples, not being travellers, get their notion of the English from the English they meet. It would be impossible for the most bigoted Englishman to have a higher opinion of England than the Parisian has of Paris. The Parisian-born cherishes, behind his satin courtesy, the absolute and unshakable knowledge that there is very little worthy of the name of civilization in the best sense beyond the borders of his "banlieue"; but you will know him long before you suspect it, and then you will see it only as a sort of unmentioned background to his thinking. The Englishman abroad is not so reticent respecting the superiority of England. He seems to travel sometimes just to see how far the other countries have yet to progress before they will reach the English standard—and he is always publishing "the state of the poll."

This much I have written with an unwilling pen, so that I might say that this Englishman abroad—which is the Englishman at his worst—generally drops his shell and becomes really kind and cordial the moment he learns that you are a Canadian. He waits for an American to prove himself worthy—not without a hope that he will suc-



ceed and a satirical interest in him while he is trying ; but a Canadian is a member of the family. And this experience wins the emphasis of repetition while travelling in the United Kingdom. One instance comes to my mind. We wheeled into a little place, where the hotels were undesirable, one night, but found a delightful home where they took "lodgers" occasionally in the form of overflow guests from the neighbouring palace. But they were doubtful about bothering with transient bicyclists. Still the fact that they could not, in conscience, recommend a hotel, weighed with them finally, and we were taken in. It was not long before the usual remark came :—

"You are Americans, aren't you?"

"No. We're from that side of the water, but we're from Canada.

"*From Canada!*"—and the temperature went up ten degrees ; and there was talk that made our cheeks glow of the work of the Canadian contingents. The next day there was to be a great deal of boating on the river (the Thames), and our people were invited to a boating party, which was to "pole" up the river, and take afternoon tea in a "back-water." They were quite inclined to take us along, just because we were Canadians ; though they knew nothing of the plans of their hostess. Of course, we would not hear of it, when they told us of a very good place to spend a part of the afternoon to see the boating. We changed our plans somewhat, and went there just before luncheon instead of in the afternoon ; but we regretted it afterward, for we learned that when "our people" told the boating party about us—"the Canadians"—they insisted upon turning about and coming down to this spot on the chance of picking us up.

It is this sort of thing that dulls the critical sense when the Canadian turns with honest eyes to study England. Yet, surely, after many such experiences, one may record what he does see without fear of being credited with one thought of hostility. To this

may be added the fact that a list of John Bull's "faults" could be published with impunity in the London *Times*, for John thinks they are virtues. He even thinks that the thinking so is a virtue ; as he will prove by pointing to the number of times he has mistaken defeat for victory, and persevered in that illusion until the bewildered victor came around to his way of thinking.

The commonest complaint that one hears against him—in colonial and American circles—is that he is a poor imitator. When John Bull meets a man with a new sort of hat, he does not reach for it—he simply feels to see if his own cylinder is in place. Travellers notice this first in connection with his way of handling baggage. Why has he not learned to check trunks? The colonials, the Americans, even the French, show him how every day ; and yet he continues the good old system that worked beautifully when men travelled by stage-coach, with their luggage in "the boot." And he is ingenious in keeping it up in the face of difficulties. The bicycle wheeled in on him the other day with a new problem. It had to be paid for on the railways, and the passenger had to be in a position to prove at the end of the journey that he had paid for it, which necessitated giving him some kind of a document to show. What an obvious opening for a check? But John Bull stepped jauntily past the opening, and kept in his favourite walk—"the old path." He sells the cyclist a ticket for his wheel precisely as he sells him one for himself. Then the cyclist labels his wheel just as he does his trunk, and must see for himself—or through his "tipped" porter—that it is put on the train. He simply has an anonymous ticket in his possession which permits one cycle to travel with him, but there is nothing either on the ticket or on the cycle to connect them with each other. When he gets to his journey's end he races down to the baggage van, points out his wheel and says, "That's mine." One of the porters hands him the wheel without asking for any proof of his asser-

tion. If the porter does not forget it, he will then ask: "Have you given up your cycle ticket?" and will accept it from the cyclist if he has not. Then the traveller pushes his wheel out of the station and rides off. There is nothing, so far as I know, to prevent another man from buying a cycle ticket and claiming your wheel and going off with it, if you happened to be delayed in the usual race to the baggage van.

Businessmen from this side of the water—Canadians and Americans alike—say that this is characteristic of John Bull's business methods. The tourist is not in a position to give much more than second-hand evidence on this point; but he is very likely to be in possession of a considerable supply of that. One man whom I knew went over to England to rest, but became mildly interested in his brother-in-law's business there; and went up to London to get some material for it and to consult a lawyer on a little question of law. He thought he would go around and order the material, and then drop in and see the lawyer, and be easily through by night. He began all right—ordered the material, and was promised prompt delivery, but he might as well have tried to see the King as the lawyer. That, he found, was only to be done by writing the lawyer a letter, asking for an appointment; and then waiting at his hotel until the lawyer wrote back giving him one. Well, he did not mind holidaying in London, so he wrote his letter and went off to see the sights. Neither the reply nor the date of the appointment came any too soon, but he found that this did not really matter; for he got a letter in the meantime from his brother-in-law asking him to call around and hurry up that stuff. This surprised him; for, judging by such things at home, he had taken it for granted that it had all been shipped the morning after he had placed the order. But he called, and was told that a part had been started by freight that very morning—several days after the order—and that more would follow before the end of the

week. "When will you get it all there?" he asked. "O—oh!" doubtfully—and then very earnestly—"As soon as possible." What he said does not matter, for it was not well considered; but he thinks now that he knows something beside free trade which may keep England behind in the race for commercial supremacy.

Though a mere tourist, I had an experience myself that seemed to me suggestive. When preparing to start from London to Liverpool to sail, we had our wheels at a shop on Farringdon Road, where they had been crated, and determined to express them to Liverpool several days in advance. We were going to travel by what is regarded as the most enterprising railway in Great Britain, which has London sprinkled all over with branch offices; so I went down to one of these offices near where I lived to ask them to send for the crated wheels and deliver them to the ship—or somewhere—in Liverpool. Yes, the clerk said, he could get them for me and forward them by passenger train. Where were they? I gave him the address. "Oh, but," he said, "that is not in my district." "Well, can't you take the order here," I asked, "and send it to the proper office?" Yes, he could do that. When did I want them to get to Liverpool? This was on Friday, and I said—"Monday, at the latest." At that he looked doubtful. "You see," he said, with almost affectionate politeness, "I'll have to write a post-card with your order on it to that office and mail it, and it may not get there until tomorrow; and to-morrow is Saturday, and if there is any delay in collecting, it might not get through by Monday." That appeared quite likely to me. "But," I said, "can't you get that office any quicker than by mail?"

"No," he said, plainly surprised at my question, and looked at me as if I had suggested doing it by magic.

Here was the most enterprising railway in England, dotting London with branch offices; and yet not connecting them with either a working telephone or a messenger service!

My kindly clerk solved the problem by advising me to take a penny bus down the street to the right office. Incidentally, he sent me to the wrong office, but in the course of the morning I found the right one, where they took my order; and a most amiable young man spent half an hour studying various schedules to find out how much to charge me. He changed the rate three times, and finally showed me how to save an additional shilling by directing them to the Riverside station. When I got to Liverpool I went down a number of hours ahead to make sure that they were there; and found that under no circumstances were goods ever shipped to the Riverside station. The Riverside station master, whom a policeman found for me, was absolutely unruffled at being disturbed in the quietude of his locked office; but he said that he knew nothing about my cycles. He was rather surprised, too, because they generally—though not always— notified him when they shipped him things, though, of course the things themselves never came to him. He advised me to try the Lime street station; but I dropped in on my way up to see my steamboat agents, and found the crated cycles in the hall. No one there knew anything about them; so I told them they were mine, and asked them to send them down to the ship, which they did. Travelling with baggage in the British Islands has many of the features of a game of chance. It is annoying when you lose, however, as did a young lady last summer who brought over a trunk-full of clothes to attend the summer session at Oxford, but lost the trunk between London and Oxford, and consequently went through the session in a bicycle

suit and a state of worry over the missing "box." She made a daily pilgrimage to the Oxford station, and she telegraphed the London station, and she consulted everybody she knew; but she could not seem to interest anybody very much in the affair. Her landlady, however, applied consolation. She said that she had once bought some potatoes in London, and left them to be sent her by passenger train; but they never came. So she wrote about it, and got the local station master to telegraph, and did everything she could think of—and all to no effect. Then she put in a claim for the value of the potatoes, when they came promptly to hand, having lain all this time in the London station.

But instances like this prove nothing. Parcels are lost in Canada. The point is that John Bull retains a system which increases the danger of losing, and declines to adopt one which should minimise it. He sticks to his tall hat though the wind is blowing, and the rest of the world are wearing caps. He is a fine old "Pater," and we are proud of him; but it is a pity that, in these hustling times, he does not put a telephone in his office, and get a lot of red tape out of his way, and take the elevator when he is going up-stairs, and put his educational system on a business basis, and generally unhandicap himself in the new competition. He is the man in possession of the world's trade. He has the best stand; he is the best advertised; he has the best delivery system; he has the confidence of his customers; he has taught the world—but he is a bad pupil. And I suspect that he is proud of it.

"JOHN BULL IN POLITICS" WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE

## COMMERCIAL EDUCATION

DIFFICULTY OF GRAFTING IT UPON UNIVERSITY WORK—WHAT MAY BE DONE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

*By Professor John Cox, of McGill University*

"COMMERCIAL Education—if it be not a contradiction in terms!"—this was the remark thrown out by one of his colleagues apropos of the title of Professor Flux's recent lecture to the McGill Literary Society and some of the leading business men of Montreal. The epigram reveals as by a lightning flash the unhappy divergence between practical life and some of our educational traditions.

Not long ago, as much might have been said of Technical Education, and one may yet find a good deal of scepticism as to its right to a place in Universities. But there are the splendid examples of Medicine and Law to the contrary, and of their younger sister, Engineering. No one can really doubt that a better training is to be found in a great medical school, organized as a faculty of a university, than under the old system of apprenticeship to a local practitioner, with a period of "walking the hospitals." The carefully considered curriculum, the eminence of the men who find it worth while to give their services in teaching large numbers, the focussing in one centre of such a variety of views and abilities, and the contact with the other studies and the general life of the university must obviously produce a broader and more rounded culture and higher technical training than can be acquired in actual practice even under the ablest individual teachers.

The same is the case with Law. A man who has spent some years in a Law Faculty may start behind one who has gone straight from school into an office, but he will have a philosophic grasp of the principles of his subject which the other may never attain, and his mind will have gained an alertness and flexibility that should soon

enable him to make up the lost ground.

What is the secret of the success of these two Faculties? Partly that, since the professions cannot be profitably entered on at an early age, there is no pressure for time, so that it is possible to insist on a good standard of general culture, often, indeed, the full Arts course beforehand. Again, the preliminary studies, on which the technical training depends, such as Chemistry, Physics, Physiology, Anatomy in Medicine, Roman Law and Constitutional History in Law, are purely scientific, and already rank as factors in a liberal education. In a university they can be treated by specialists instead of being left to the student's private efforts, or taught by busy men in spare hours. It is thus possible, in Law and Medicine, to combine the progress of a liberal education with at least the earlier stages of technical training; and the same is true for Engineering. This is work that the universities may fitly undertake. But if this were all, would the intending practitioners or the general public have been so ready to show the confidence in the Faculties of Law and Medicine, as training schools, which has brought them such prosperity? Is not their success rather to be attributed to the fact that the purely technical subjects themselves are taught by men whose eminence in active practice is a daily proof of their ability? That such men should be willing to teach is perhaps due in the first instance to the standing in their profession conferred by a post on the staff of a university or hospital; but later on they continue their services, just when they are most valuable, out of pure love of the work, or disinterested desire to advance the subject. In a Faculty of Engineering the chairs are

not so frequently held by men in active practice. But it may be noted that those departments thrive best and are the most popular both with students and parents, where the professors are known to be in close touch with the engineering world by the frequency with which they are called in for consultations or summoned as experts.

Compared with the Technical Faculties, a Faculty of Commerce would be at a disadvantage in every respect. The time required would be more grudgingly given. It is not only that a boy on entering an office becomes at once an earner instead of a continued expense, but there is the strongest feeling among business men that he must get over some of the drudgery and begin to acquire experience while still in his teens. To meet this difficulty the late Duke of Devonshire founded a College at Cambridge University in which the students could enter at the age of sixteen, and leave for business at nineteen. In the course of ten years some three hundred students were matriculated, but they were nearly all intended for the professions. It was found to be almost impossible to induce business men to send their boys. Another unexpected difficulty was met with. The few who entered with a view to returning to business after graduation almost without exception diverged into the professions before the end of their college life, although in some cases most attractive business openings were awaiting them.

Again, apart from Economics, it is not easy to name subjects which would rank with the other studies of a university, and yet have a special interest for those aiming at a business career.

But the main obstacle in the way of a successful Faculty of Commerce would be the difficulty of staffing it with practical men of any authority in the business world. Is it conceivable that leading men of business would give time to conducting college classes, as leading physicians and lawyers do? Would they not feel that to publicly allot a portion of their time to other work would be counted against them

as business men? That such teaching as they could give would be given far better in their own counting-houses? That much of the most valuable information they could impart is, under the present competitive system, of the nature of trade secrets, not to be published except at a price? And that, while it is possibly a proof of public spirit to aid in training doctors and lawyers "that there may never be wanting a supply" of men fitted to pursue those humane and none-too-well-paid callings, there is no obligation on any man to raise up competitors to cut his own throat. The *Times* is probably right in its anticipation that professors holding chairs in a Commercial Faculty would be either those who had left business, or still more probably those whose business had left them.

There is, besides, the rooted, or perhaps we should say well-grounded, prejudice that college life is not exactly the best forcing bed for those habits of punctuality, machine-like regularity, and faithful attention to uninteresting details that are the prime virtues in the early stages of a business life. It is suspected that at college even bad writing and faulty spelling are cultivated as proofs of a budding originality. But here business men probably insist too much on what they wish to find in a boy when they select him at the start, and give too little heed to the qualities that make for his ultimate success.

Altogether it does not seem likely that successful Faculties of Commerce will take their place as integral parts of our future universities. And yet it is a pity, for there is no other calling where width of culture is more needed before the lifework is begun, since there is no other where the early stages of work are so mechanical and stagnating to ideas.

But if the universities are not to be invoked, can anything be done to make the schools more efficient as training grounds for commercial life without interfering with their primary function of general education? From the remarks made at the end of Professor



Flux's lecture, business men seem to be in agreement that the essentials in a candidate for commercial life may be summed up as follows: First, character, as expressed in trustworthiness and a high sense of honour, independence and power of initiative, and formed habits of punctuality, regularity, accuracy, obedience. Second, trained faculties. Third, a well developed physique. Only in the fourth place was mentioned the desirability of special knowledge. And it was agreed that such specialization must not in any case be secured at the expense of the general education now given, but must come later, and be continued in classes attended after leaving school in the evenings, or during business hours.

Now character, trained faculties, and a good physique are just as essential to the boy who is going into one of the professions through a university as for one who is destined for business. So far no difference in the school curriculum is required. It is my belief that the special training desirable for a business man, so far as it can usefully be given in the schools, can be got out of the ordinary subjects now included in the curriculum, if only they be properly taught.

Let us sketch an ideal school course from the business man's point of view. We may put aside, to begin with, such barbarisms as Commercial Bureaux, and tape-gambling in schools with fictitious money. Stevenson's Jim Pinkerton is their sufficient condemnation. And we may put out of consideration boys who are to become Sir William Van Hornes. We need do nothing specially for them, since they will do everything for themselves. Let us keep in view the average boy, of dull imagination and medium wits, who will be a clerk, or foreman, or salesman, or head of a small business, with a chance of rising, bearing in mind some provision for his general culture whether he rises or not.

Two of the main requisites, viz., character (including regular habits) and a well-developed physique, may be

considered together. No better means of producing both has yet been devised than a good school, where the discipline is strict but just, with plenty of outdoor games, carried on by the boys themselves in healthy rivalry with other schools, but without any trace of the professional spirit. The boys learn regular habits and obedience from the school discipline; and independence, the lesson of responsibility, and the power of organization from their clubs and games. Here the way to success has been shown by the English Public Schools, and by those overgrown, or "continuation" Public Schools, the English Universities. It is likely that something remains to be added in the scientific use of the gymnasium under trained medical supervision.

One comes across very odd proofs of esteem for the character of the English Public School boy, or "University man," often enough in marked contrast to the opinion of his attainments. Some years ago I was discussing with a friend some reforms in the teaching of geography in which we were both much interested, he as head master of the High School in a great commercial centre, and I as an examiner of many schools for the University of Cambridge. I found that my friend had already introduced several of my pet ideas, and had been encouraged to think he was meeting the needs of the city, by receiving a letter from a leading manufacturer asking for another boy "as good as the last one." On calling to enquire what it was in the boy's training that had specially pleased his employer, my friend was rather damped by the reply:—"Oh, it was nothing of that. In fact, when they come here, the first thing I always tell 'em is to forget all they've learned at school as quick as they can, so as to make a fresh start. But *your boys seem to be good honest boys.*" Another friend, speaking as secretary of the Employment Bureau, recently established at Oxford and Cambridge by leading financiers, including the Rothschilds and the heads of the great railways, told me last

summer that he had just received a letter from one of the railways "placing" an order for "another six men." I said, "So at last they are finding out that the greater alertness and flexibility of the trained mind more than makes up to the university man for the loss of some years at the start?" "Not at all," said my friend, "that's not it. They say that experience shows that on the whole a university man is likely to be more trustworthy and have a higher sense of honour."

The training of the faculties is the direct object of the school curriculum, and it should include provision for the bodily faculties as well as the mental, at all events for those who are not to be merely scholars. Unfortunately teachers, trained for the most part on books themselves, hold firmly the tradition that education consists of learning by heart something out of a book. Hence shall be mentioned first, because they are often neglected or omitted altogether from the curriculum, Manual Training and Drawing. Beside their direct practical utility, each of these subjects is in its own way the outlet for expression of a different side of the child-nature—the desire to *create* and to *depict* what has been observed. These two active and imaginative impulses are usually killed out in a modern education, which devotes itself almost entirely to the receptive side, in view of the mass of information it is thought necessary to master. But were it only for the sake of developing the other faculties, Manual Training and Drawing should not be neglected; for they train to accuracy; they strengthen the imagination, yet curb its flight by perpetual reference to reality; and they give concreteness to ideas in the early stages of development, when it is most needed that knowledge should be felt to be a real thing. Every examiner knows how remote from the real world about him school-acquired knowledge seems to the schoolboy. Thus a very clever boy, winner of a scholarship in fact, once worked out the whole of a difficult paper in Arithmetic for me, except that, in calculating the

height of a room from certain data as to the cost of papering it, he made a numerical slip, though working on perfectly correct principles, brought out the answer that the room was one-sixteenth of an inch high, and sent it up without a glimmer of sense of its absurdity! To him Arithmetic was an exercise in a book, not necessarily having any relation to ordinary facts. Three months of manual training would have dissipated this illusion. It is interesting to note how this point has been seized by a business man who really thinks about educational needs. Sir William Macdonald has set the example of introducing manual training into Canadian schools.

There is not much room for change in the subjects of the ordinary curriculum. We must have Arithmetic and Mathematics; the English subjects of Geography and History; and Languages.

For boys intended for business arithmetic should be kept up throughout the course, both for the sake of training and for direct use. The subject admits of great development on the commercial side, including practice in mental arithmetic, short methods, ways of getting at the essential part of a result within a known degree of accuracy, interest, discount, stocks, insurance. To these should be added simple algebra, logarithms, and the use of tables. Geometry need not be formally taught, but learned through Drawing, Geometrical Drawing, and Manual Training.

Geography might be made a most important and interesting subject, but, if so, the methods of teaching in vogue when I was a school examiner, must be radically reformed. Who remembers in later life the dry memorized geography of his school days? The profound ignorance of grown-up persons on this subject is proverbial. On the other hand, does anyone forget what he has once learned by travel and personal observation? What crowds of minute details spring up the moment we let our minds go back to some place where we once spent a few hours

thirty years ago ! Yet in spite of this obvious hint of the true method, I have found schools of high reputation teaching geography by forcing boys to memorize ten lines a day from a dull textbook composed on the plan of a gazetteer, the length of the lesson being maintained without regard to the sense. In one case a lesson was marked, which consisted of part of the boundary of the county of York with four lines of small print containing part of some dry statistics about the city of Hull ! Because the rivers of England were once its main trade routes, boys, in all the schools I examined in many years, could give wonderful lists of the rivers on the east coast of Great Britain, let us say, with their tributaries down to brooklets hardly big enough to float a minnow, while the great railway systems were passed over in silence by the books, and apparently by the teachers, for though I set questions on them regularly, I never once extracted a gleam of knowledge about them. Is it any wonder that when they grow up these boys should have such dwarfed and stunted imaginations that they are unable to realize their own country vividly, while the rest of the world means nothing to them ? They can tell you, perhaps, how India is "bounded on the north," but they think of it as a vague yellow patch on a sheet of paper ; and Australia is another patch, coloured pale brown. They write to their friends in Montreal asking them to find out something from a person in Vancouver or Florida next time they are passing, and gravely wonder how we get along without turkeys at Christmas !

Now there is nothing for which children of any age show a more eager curiosity than for stories of strange lands and strange peoples. Why should not this natural bent be utilized ? Why should not the classes in our schools be led to a working knowledge of every important country in the world by means of imaginary journeys ? In these days sets of pictures and even lantern slides illustrating all lands are easily obtained. It would not be diffi-

cult for each class to make its own sufficient collection within a year from the illustrated papers and magazines taken in at home ; or sets of slides and lanterns might be circulated from school to school. The pupils would approach the study of each country by working out the great trade routes and lines of travel leading to it, and would be set to lay out tours to its principal sights and centres of interest, with details of time and cost, by means of old Bradshaws, time-tables and folders, which could be purchased for the price of waste paper. They would learn to know by sight the outlook of its coasts, the aspects of its open country, the cities, the shops and houses, the people, their dress and customs and ways of doing business, the workers in their mines and manufacturing centres, the farms and field labourers, the cattle ranches and the sheep ranges. The school library should be stocked with books of travel and stories that would bring vividly home to the minds of the pupils the habits and ways of thinking, and even the prejudices of the different peoples with whom they are later on to have business dealings. Why should not schools establish a kind of collective correspondence with other schools chosen in different parts of the world, the class being set from time to time to write a letter, either jointly under the master's supervision, or individually, each to a boy in the distant school ? Relations established in this way might ultimately serve more than a merely educational purpose, and if a school taught on these lines possessed a few travelling scholarships, it might turn out year by year men to whom the inhabitants of foreign countries, far from being unnatural monsters, incalculable in their actions, would be valued friends and co-workers in the interests of peace and good will.

For teaching Physical Geography Lord Kelvin is never tired of insisting on the "use of the globes." An intelligent teacher with a good pair of globes could do more in an hour to make clear the mysteries of the solar system, the seasons, latitude and

longitude, and the general configuration of the earth's surface than pupils will learn in a year from the descriptive chapters at the beginning of most geographies. What is now called Physiography, a combination of elementary physics, chemistry and geology, so far as is necessary to understand the phenomena of the earth's crust, rivers and oceans, winds and tides and climates, should rank as the Science subject of the curriculum. There are excellent textbooks for this purpose, but probably neither textbooks nor teachers are as yet available for dealing with general geography in the manner sketched above.

History must, I suppose, in the earlier years continue to mean the picturesque series of military exploits and personal intrigues and adventures that goes by that name in school textbooks. But later in the course it should include a little Economics and even Political science. Not that these should take the form of abstractions. It used to be said of Walter Bagehot that whereas the ordinary economist usually began with "Suppose a man on a desert island," Bagehot always said "what they do in the city is this." So our scholars might learn something about the rise and fall of empires, and how the nations of Europe emerged, and the new world came to birth; what has been the share of Athens and Rome, Jerusalem and Alexandria in modern civilization; what have been the great movements in trade and why it has followed its present lines, with the stories of Venice and Holland, London and New York; how markets are conducted, and banks and companies, railways and steamship lines are managed; why rents are paid, and customs imposed; what becomes of the taxes, and how a city and a state are governed.

We come now to the question of languages. They should all (including English) be taught more practically, with the avowed object of training boys to their use, both for culture and expression, rather than of developing scholars and commentators of the

traditional type. It is lamentable that, after six or seven years of school, boys should by universal testimony be unable to write their own language correctly, or to read another for their pleasure, much less to make themselves understood in it. Let us have fewer exercises on grammar. In English, dictation daily, and a daily theme, with plenty of good prose passages to learn by heart, from the beginning to the end of the school course. No doubt the memory must be trained, but it is too often trained on the wrong things. Boys learn endless dull lists of exceptions to rules, names of capitals of countries, counties and boundaries, dates and other things that are uninteresting and of little use to them, and if they learn any good literature at all, it is sure to be poetry. Now a mind that is echoing with the cadences of the best English prose is not only safeguarded against grammatical error, as it were by instinct, but enriched with a vocabulary and the habit of close thought expressed in perfect form.

French and German must be studied, first, for the grammatical structure of the sentence which cannot be so well extracted from the native English; and then for the sake of stories and books of travel, to be read in school in connection with the course in geography, and to start the habit of reading foreign literature for pleasure. There should be dictation daily, and conversation of course. And I would once more urge regular correspondence with selected schools abroad, both in English and in the foreign language, not on commercial subjects, but on school and home life, and current events, that would help to give local colour, and aid the young imagination to realize the distant foreigner as a fellow human being with a school and home of his own.

So much, and enough for the average boy in school! Further advance in science (chemistry, botany, physics, geology) as well as technical subjects like book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, had best be left for continuation classes, to be attended either in

evening schools or during business hours, if that can be arranged, when French and German should be continued, and other languages taken up according to special need.

But the gifted boy should be given as much as he can take, up to the highest that Technical School and University can offer him. In England the mistake has been made of trying to give a smattering to large numbers, partly because it is the people's money that is being spent, and it is not yet understood that the best interests of the people are served by training its ablest sons to leadership; partly, too, because of a lingering dislike of education that is costly, as something useless, that puts a boy above his place, and spoils him for earning his bread and butter. In spite of recent outcries, and the speeches of some leaders on the need of being awake to the danger from foreign competition, I doubt whether there is yet in the business world, or among the masses, any genuine conviction of the value of scientific training. Education is still regarded as an expensive luxury, the first thing to be dropped or curtailed in hard times, and science, though interesting, is still *theory*—a sad contrast to useful practical rules of thumb. So, in the first year of the twentieth century, a leading firm of manufacturers of chemicals in the north of England advertises in the scientific papers for "an expert chemist, at a salary of £120 a year; must be willing, if appointed, to make himself useful in his spare hours by assisting in the book-keeping"!

In Germany, on the contrary, it has been recognized that in these days the cutting edge of progress is the highly trained expert. Hence the national funds are spent lavishly on his education, and private firms maintain magnificent laboratories staffed with the most eminent men of science that money can attract; for if one of the thirty or more highly trained and

highly paid chemists employed by a single factory should make a discovery, it may create a private fortune or a national industry. But his directions can be carried out by men of very moderate ability and ordinary education.

For these reasons I do not advocate the foundation of Faculties of Commerce in our universities, nor do I think there need be much change in the subjects taught in our schools in the interests of boys destined for business. And even so far as the teaching itself can be improved, from the point of view of business men, by a return to reality, and practical instead of traditional methods, it will be not less an improvement in the early training of those who are to pass through the universities into the professions, or take up the life of the scholar or scientific investigator.

To talk of improvement brings us face to face with the difficulty of securing efficient teachers, and this depends upon the miserable inadequacy of their pay. Teachers, surely not less than doctors and lawyers, should be men of ability, education and prolonged special training. Good teachers are therefore costly. Yet we do a grievous wrong to the children when we place them in the hands of any others. The nation that entrusts its education to those who take up teaching on a pittance for a year or two, as a stopgap while they are looking for something better, cannot escape the charge of shortsighted folly. Here and there an enthusiast or a born teacher will do good work on starvation wages; but it is unworthy of an enlightened people to accept as charity services which should be paid for as a good investment, were education truly valued. So long as teaching hardly offers a livelihood, much less a career, it is not open to us to cry out against the poorness of the general results obtained.



# THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIES

## THREE SPECIAL ARTICLES

### THE MOVEMENT FOR AUTONOMY

By H. W. H. Knott

ON the 2nd May, 1900, the Legislative Assembly of the Northwest Territories passed a resolution the object of which deserves to be known throughout the Dominion. The resolution itself is too long to be set out *in extenso* here, but its operative part is substantially as follows :

That an address to His Excellency the Governor-General be adopted praying for an enquiry into the position of the Territories, financial and otherwise, and for such action to be taken as will provide for their present and immediate welfare and good government, as well as the due fulfilment of the duties and obligations of government and legislation assumed, with respect to the Territories, by the Parliament of Canada ; and that His Excellency be also prayed to order enquiries to be made and accounts taken with a view to the settlement of the terms and conditions upon which the Territories, or any part thereof, shall be established as a Province, and that opportunity be given to the accredited representatives of the Territories of considering and discussing such terms and conditions.

This action on the part of the Territorial Assembly, it is safe to say, will ultimately lead to a radical constitutional change in the status of the immense expanse of country extending from the Rocky Mountains to the western boundary of Manitoba. The change will not only affect the people of the Northwest Territories, but will narrow the jurisdiction and administra-

tive powers of the Dominion Government, in addition to necessitating (to some extent) a readjustment of financial burdens. In view of the fact that the transformation of the Territories into one or more Provinces is not a matter of mere local interest, but must of necessity indirectly affect the Dominion at large, it is proposed to briefly examine the lines upon which the administration of the Northwest has been developed, its constitutional status at the present day, the conditions and restrictions which the existing method of government impose upon it, and the claims which the people of the Territories consider they have upon the Dominion Parliament.

Prior to Confederation the whole area of what is now comprised within the Territories was subject to the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the fathers of Confederation, looking forward to the time when British North America should stand forth as a united Commonwealth, stipulated, in the second of the Quebec Resolutions, that provision should be made under the new constitution for "the admission into the Union, on equitable terms, of Newfoundland, the North-Western Territory, British Columbia and Vancouver." In pursuance of this resolution the British North America Act, 1867, provided for the future incorporation of Rupert's Land and the North-western Territory, or either of them into the Union upon address to the Imperial Privy Council from the Houses of Parliament of Canada. Such an

address was promptly passed in December, 1867, by the first Dominion Parliament, which expressed its willingness to assume all the duties and obligations of government and legislation with respect to the Territories. Acting upon this, the Imperial Parliament passed the Rupert's Land Act, 1868, under the provisions of which £300,000 was paid to the Hudson's Bay Company, the Crown receiving in return a surrender from the Company of all their lands, territories, rights, privileges, powers and authorities in the West. Certain reservations and conditions attached to this surrender do not affect the cardinal fact that the title of the H.B.C. in the Territories became merged in the Crown. An Imperial Order-in-Council was then promulgated declaring that on the 15th June, 1870, the lands thus acquired should be admitted into and become part of the Dominion of Canada, power being also given to the Dominion Parliament to legislate for their future welfare and good government. The transfer of the Territories to the Dominion thus became an accomplished fact, and the British North America Act, 1871, shortly afterwards gave further power to Parliament to make provision for their administration, peace, order and good government.

In this connection, the following extract from the luminous speech of Hon. F. W. G. Haultain, Premier and Attorney-General of the Territories, delivered in the Assembly on the 2nd May last, is of vital importance:—"Reading the two authorities together, we find that the only power given to the Parliament of Canada by the Imperial Parliament and by the Order-in-Council was to '*legislate for the future welfare and good government of the Territories*,' and '*to make provision for the administration, peace, order and good government of any Territory not for the time being included in any Province*.' I lay stress again on these particular words because they are really the only words in any Act of Parliament, or in any other document, upon which the

Dominion Parliament to-day bases its right to deal with this country or to make laws with regard to it."

At first the newly-incorporated Territories were placed under the administration of the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba. In 1875 they were given a separate and distinct Lieut.-Governor and Council nominated by the Dominion Government. This arrangement was shortly afterwards modified by the creation of a Council partly elected and partly nominated, Regina being selected as the seat of Government.

In 1886 the Council was made wholly elective and endowed with limited powers of legislation, which powers have been added to and amended on several occasions. At the present day the jurisdiction and powers of the Legislative Assembly—which has taken the place of the Council—are all contained in "The North-West Territories Act" (R.S.C., chap. 50) and subsequent amendments thereto.

Thus the period covered by the last thirty years has been one of transition for the Northwest—a gradual evolution from absolute government to limited representative institutions. At the same time the development of its natural resources and the increase of population have so far distanced the slower processes of administrative and legislative expansion as to cause the Assembly to declare that the position of the Territories, financial and otherwise, is unsatisfactory, and that the ultimate remedy must lie in the grant of some measure of Provincial autonomy.

Wherein do the Territories now fall short of Provincial powers? The answer is to be found in the following extract from Mr. Haultain's speech:—"We have not the power to amend the constitution outside of the power to deal with certain phases of our election law; we have not the power to borrow money; we have not the power to deal with the public domain; we have not the power to establish certain institutions such as hospitals, asylums, charities. . . ; we have not the power to take cognizance of public undertakings

other than such as may be carried on by certain sorts of joint stock companies; and our powers are limited to the extent that we have not the administration of the criminal law in the Territories."

The people of the Northwest are now asking for these powers—and they claim them more as a matter of right than favour. Their deliberate opinion is that the time has come when the Dominion Parliament may be justly required to concede to the Northwest Legislative Assembly as ample powers as pertain to the Legislatures of the various Provinces. For the past twelve years they have experienced limited representative institutions, and during that time the powers entrusted to the Assembly have been used with judgment and foresight. The administrative capacity of those who have come to the front in municipal and legislative work cannot be denied. The standard of education among the settlers in the Territories is at least on a par with that of any other portion of the Dominion. The population is today twenty fold that of Manitoba or British Columbia when they were accorded full provincial privileges. The country is well settled, progressive and flourishing; and for these reasons the people of the Territories consider that they have been in "leading strings" long enough, and that it is full time for them to assume equal constitutional privileges and rights with the older Provinces.

The most pressing factor, however, in the present situation—more important even to-day than the lack of legislative power—is the urgent necessity of relief from the unsatisfactory financial conditions under which the local Government has to administer the affairs of the Territories.

The sources from whence the Territorial Government obtains its funds are two-fold; (a) local revenue, (b) an annual appropriation by the Dominion Parliament "for government of the Territories." The annual grant from the Dominion funds constitutes well-nigh the whole of the income—a state

of things due to the fact that the Northwest Assembly has not, under the present conditions, available means of raising revenue other than by license fees and similar imposts. Roughly speaking, these local revenues amount to about one-fourteenth of the total Territorial Revenue Fund, and the balance has to come from the Federal grant, which is intermittent, insufficient and uncertain in its nature and amount. To put the matter plainly, the Territories are absolutely at the mercy of the Dominion Parliament in respect of the necessary funds to carry on the machinery of administration. For some years past the Territorial Executive have been compelled to despatch representatives annually on what has not inaptly been termed a humiliating pilgrimage to Ottawa, in order to interview the Federal authorities and bring forcibly to their notice the growing requirements of the West. The amount of the annual appropriation has ever been an uncertain quantity, despite strong efforts to induce the Dominion Parliament to place it upon some basis of permanence, and, as the records of the Legislative Assembly will amply prove, there has never been at the disposal of the Territories an adequate amount of money to meet the public necessities of our rapidly increasing population.

The grant of Provincial autonomy would at once solve the serious financial problem. The terms upon which the Territories would have a conventional right to admission to full Provincial status are such that, by virtue of the British North America Act and subsequent constitutional precedent, the new Province or Provinces would commence existence under definite and greatly improved pecuniary conditions. To each Province a fixed amount is paid yearly out of Dominion funds for the support of its Government and Legislature, and similarly an annual grant equal to 80 cents per head of the population is made to each Province for local purposes. As there is no public debt in the Territories, any Province carved from its area would be entitled

to a subsidy on capital account in addition to the foregoing grants. Further, under the B.N.A. Act all lands, mines and minerals were assumed as part of the property of the Provinces originally confederated. Of those subsequently admitted British Columbia retained its lands, Prince Edward Island was allowed a special grant of \$45,000 per annum, as it possessed none, and Manitoba receives a yearly grant in lieu of lands. Therefore the right of a Province to its public domain, or to a special subsidy in lieu thereof, can scarcely be controverted. In the light of this principle, if, as in the case of Manitoba, the vacant lands of the new western Province remained vested in the Crown for the use of the Dominion, it would be entitled to an additional subsidy on that account.

Many points of detail will of necessity arise for discussion, particularly in relation to the disposal of the public domain and the alleged debt which has been charged up against the Territories in the Dominion public accounts. These questions are purely subjects of adjustment and compromise, and are of too intricate a nature to enter upon in this article; in addition to which they do not affect the merits of the case I have endeavoured to establish on behalf of the Northwest. Shortly stated, the Territories claim that as a Province they would be entitled to receive

from the Dominion definite subsidies, on account of government, population, debt and lands, far in excess of what is now doled out to them as a matter of grace, and the financial problem would be disposed of once and for all. As regards future development, the new Province would have the right to charter and subsidize railways within its own limits, to borrow money on its own credit, to initiate undertakings for its own benefit, such as creameries, etc., and to direct its own immigration policy. The people of the Northwest claim these privileges as a matter of right and equity, and they appeal to the Dominion at large to see that justice is meted out to them in accordance with the magnitude and importance of the issue.

Local questions, such as the advisability of creating one large Province or of dividing the existing organized Territories into two or more Provinces, have been raised and discussed, particularly in Alberta, where there is a strong feeling that at least two separate Provinces should be established. For the present, Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan are united in asking that the destiny of the Northwest shall be left in the hands of those who have the most thorough knowledge of her requirements and the greatest interest in her development by her own people.

## WHEN EDMONTON AND PRINCE ALBERT ARE CONNECTED BY RAILWAY

*By John Howey*

TO properly estimate the changed condition of a very large portion of the Northwest Territories, and in a measure of all Canada, when Prince Albert is joined by railway to the "City of the North," it is needful to consider some alterations in western railway arrangements which will probably be made by that time. The Canadian Northern, which is now creeping

slowly on towards the valley of the Saskatchewan, and which will in all probability be the first railway to connect Prince Albert and Edmonton, is designed and being constructed as a transcontinental line rivalling the C.P.-R. Work is now completed on the Canadian Northern connecting its eastern extremity with the head of Lake Superior, and it is anticipated that a

considerable portion of the harvest, which will next year be given to Manitoba, will pass to the eastern markets over this line and its connecting steamboats on the Great Lakes. The promoters of the C.N.R., in fulfilment of the conditions of purchase of a charter now held by them, but formerly belonging to the town of Edmonton, are at the present also extending the line of the Calgary and Edmonton road, which has heretofore ended at Strathcona, on the south side of the river, to Edmonton, which undertaking they are likely to complete by June 1st of the present year. The lease of the Calgary and Edmonton line by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. expires during the present summer, and the report is currently accepted that in a short time this line will also pass into the hands of the builders of the Canadian Northern. Should the expected in this case happen, the present Calgary and Edmonton line would doubtless be joined by a branch from some point in southern British Columbia, thus giving the producers of Alberta the benefit of railway competition to the markets of the B.C. mining towns, which yearly take increased quantities of grain, vegetables, meats and dairy produce from the farmers on the plains. It will thus be seen that when the connecting link between Prince Albert and Edmonton is constructed, Northern Alberta will be connected thereby with a direct route to the east, and given the consequent benefit of rivalry between the new line and the C.P.R., while, should the current belief regarding the future of the Calgary and Edmonton prove correct, this benefit would be shared also by the southern part of the district.

The main purpose to be accomplished by the new line will be the development of the country lying between Prince Albert and Edmonton. The approximate distance between these towns is three hundred miles, though the line will be of necessity much longer, and while the exact route to be followed is as yet unknown—to outsiders at least—it cannot fall outside the

region drained by the North Saskatchewan and its tributary streams and lakes. This tract, generally speaking, resembles Northern Alberta in the nature of its soil, its climatic conditions, and the productions for which these are most favourable.

Assuming the road to be built in the most direct manner possible it will open for settlement an area of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  million acres of arable land lying within a distance of thirty miles from the railway line. This enormous tract will be better conceived by the fact that it contains 72,000 farms of 160 acres each, and, reckoning four as the number in the average family, would provide homes for nearly 300,000 of a farming population alone. It is to be remembered, however, that the land lying within this distance from the railway would be far short of the amount actually opened up by the road, and, calculating on the basis of the distance from railways to which settlements extend in Alberta, it is probably not an exaggeration to say that 20,000,000 acres of land, comprising 125,000 farms of 160 acres each, and, at the same calculation per family as above, offering homes for 500,000 farming residents will lie within reasonable distance of the new line.

In other words, more than one-twelfth of the entire population of our Dominion could be settled in this manner on land within fifty miles of the roadway. The climatic conditions of the newly opened territory are similar to those of the Northwest in general. Winter usually begins about the second week in November and continues until March. The season is cold but far preferable to the milder winters in the east, the dry atmosphere of the higher altitude robbing the cold of its power of penetration. Seeding is done in April, and harvest begins in August. Spring wheat yields abundantly, and successful experiments have been made in many parts of Alberta with fall wheat. Barley and rye are grown successfully everywhere. The cool summers of the north are the nurses of the oat crop, a sample of this grain grown



ten miles east of Edmonton being awarded the highest honours at the Paris Exposition. Vegetables of all kinds flourish and mature. Small fruits of all varieties thrive, and most of the ordinary kinds grow wild in abundance. The native hay is unsurpassed for nutriment, and timothy is already grown in large quantities, though the abundance of wild hay has so far made its cultivation unnecessary. The fertile valley of the Vermilion, lying somewhat more than a hundred miles north-east of Edmonton, is already the home of large herds of cattle—doubtless the progenitors of many a shipload of “the roast beef of Old England.”

In the West, contrary to the rules of settlement of Eastern Canada, the railways have preceded the settlers and the settlements have been formed almost invariably along the railway lines. The reason of this is evident as the vast distances from the headquarters of trade precluded the idea of overland carriage of grain by waggons, and the shallowness and rapidity of the streams prevented its carriage by water. The towns which are exceptions to this rule almost invariably had their origin as posts of the Hudson Bay Company or forts for the Northwest Mounted Police, and in rapidity of development and importance are in no way comparable to their younger rivals situated along the railway lines. This question of transportation alone can explain the fact that while Northern Alberta has been for some years the recipient of a continuous and enormous stream of immigration, the valley of the Saskatchewan eastward has been but little encroached upon. From the western end of the gap the country is well settled for fifty miles eastward, while toward the eastern extremity the communities about Battleford and Carleton form the only intervening settlements of consequence in the whole route. With the coming of the means of transportation it is but reasonable to suppose that the rapid settlement which has followed the entrance of railways to other portions of the Northwest will

be repeated in this valley: that settlements will form in the most favoured spots along the route, developing quickly into producing and exporting communities—that these will grow to villages and these to towns with the rapidity which has characterized the development following the opening up of districts in other parts of the Territories.

The general similarity of soil and climate throughout the region to be traversed by the new line to the soil and climate of Northern Alberta may enable us to form some reasonable estimate of the rapidity of this settlement, by observing the speed with which settlers have of late years poured into the latter district. From the reports of the Immigration authorities it appears that about 13,000 immigrants came into Northern Alberta during the three years of 1898, 1899 and 1900. A very large proportion of the settlers, however, who now arrive in Alberta come independently of the Immigration Department and of these no official record is kept. It does not seem extravagant, however, to place the number of this class at 25% of the total immigration, which calculation would indicate that during the years specified about 17,000 immigrants made their homes in this district. It is further significant that the influx for 1900 was nearly triple that of 1899, which in turn nearly doubled that of its predecessor. From these figures it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that within a year from the completion of the Canadian Northern from Prince Albert to Edmonton, an army of 10,000 immigrants will have made their homes in the newly opened territory, and that ten years later 150,000 people will populate this region, now comparatively unoccupied. While, like the population of other portions of the Territories, these settlers will doubtless come from many lands and races, it is to be hoped that a very liberal proportion will hail from the over-crowded Eastern Provinces of the Dominion and from the States of the Union to the South.

The opening of such a territory for settlement under favourable conditions is a matter of more than local, or of present moment, for its development will have a tangible and lasting effect on the affairs of the nation. In the cultivation of its immense area the volume of her exports of grain will be materially augmented, the utilization of its pasture lands will increase the herds of her cattle for the Old

World markets and the bands of her horses for the army of the Empire. The development of its inexhaustible coal deposits will provide fuel for her factories; the increase in its population and wealth will enlarge the volume of her aggregate trade; while its occupation by a numerous and prosperous populace will affect the centre of her population and power.

## MANITOBA AND TERRITORIAL AUTONOMY

*By W. Sanford Evans*

PROVINCIAL autonomy must soon be granted to the people of Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. In pursuance of a request made in 1900 by the Territorial Assembly, the Dominion Government has taken some steps toward investigating conditions and has the matter under consideration. How soon legislation may be introduced at Ottawa to create a new Province or Provinces in the West is uncertain, but that it will be within a few years can hardly be doubted. Natural ambition and the existence of financial conditions that require some remedy alike urge the people of those districts to seek the larger powers of the Provincial status. A very general, though not as yet thoroughly organized or consistent, demand exists which cannot long remain unsatisfied. Already in the West the question is regarded as of great and immediate importance.

In the settlement of this question all Canada is, or at least should be, deeply interested. It is not merely that the entrance of another sister or sisters into the family of Confederation will be a notable historical event, but in the terms upon which the entrance is effected and in the boundary lines drawn some fundamental principles will have to be settled. Are all Provinces in the Dominion to be equal in powers and rights, or are there to be reservations in the case of some that

do not exist in others? Is it to be the policy to increase the number of small Provinces, to further emphasize the present irregularity, or to approximate all Provinces, as far as possible, to an equality in size, resources and capacity for population? These are important questions; and Manitoba is more directly concerned in the answers than is any other Province.

Manitoba is not on an equality with the other Provinces of the Dominion in all respects. She has not, and never had, the control of Crown lands situated within the Province. All the other Provinces have this control. As an equivalent, Manitoba receives "in lieu of public lands" \$100,000 a year from the Dominion. This may or may not be a good financial bargain for Manitoba, but lacking the control of the Crown lands she lacks something which on principle she has always thought should have been given her. It is true that the swamp lands in the Province were transferred to her in 1885, but this, while increasing her resources, still marked the difference in her relation to the Dominion. In some other particulars, also, Manitoba lives under a compromise between what she was considered she was entitled to and what the Dominion Parliament was ready to grant. Provincial equality has not yet been accepted as a principle by the Dominion Government. Will it adopt this principle in creating

a new Province, or will it drive a bargain and keep all it can under its own jurisdiction? Manitoba is concerned to know. Mr. Haultain has intimated that he would not be willing that the Territories should accept Provincial autonomy unless they were given better terms than Manitoba. To any effort to obtain better terms Manitoba will lend her support, and if they are obtained she will expect a revision of her own terms.

Again, Manitoba is too small. She is a Province of 74,000 square miles, flanked by Territories comprising 2,500,000 square miles. There is plenty of room for her expansion up to the full stature of a great Province, but this expansion must take place before the contiguous districts are definitely located within another Province. Or rather, her boundaries and those of the new Province or Provinces must all be finally settled at the same time.

Here also there is a principle involved. Canada consists of three large Provinces, four small ones, and Territories that are more than twice as large in extent as all the Provinces put together. Quebec is 347,350 square miles in area, Ontario 222,000 square miles, and British Columbia 383,300 square miles. The four small Provinces are Prince Edward Island with 2,000 square miles, Nova Scotia with 20,600 square miles, New Brunswick with 28,200 square miles, and Manitoba with 73,956 square miles. The Territories comprise 2,529,140 square miles, not counting the islands of the North. As between the large Provinces and the small, economy of government and influence in national affairs are with the large Provinces. If one Legislature can competently manage local affairs over 400,000 square miles, it is wasteful to have separate Legislatures for 2,000, 20,000 or even 100,000 square miles. And if provincialism is a factor in national affairs, as it certainly is, and a growing factor as it is not unlikely to prove, then the smaller Provinces are at a disadvantage in influence. It would be better for the nation if it consisted of a num-

ber of Provinces, each as large as could be economically managed by one Legislature and all approximately equal in resources and capacity for population. The far eastern Provinces can improve their positions in these respects only by union, but Manitoba can be put upon an equality with the greater Provinces by a simple amendment to Section 1 of the Manitoba Act defining boundaries. Manitoba desires that this should be done. And the time to do it is when a new Province or new Provinces are being formed out of the Territories.

On this point Manitoba is on record. On March 28, 1901, the following resolution was moved in the Manitoba Legislature by Mr. Burroughs, and seconded by Mr. Myers, two prominent members of the Liberal Opposition. It was accepted by Attorney-General Campbell on behalf of the Government, was endorsed by Mr. Greenway, and passed unanimously. The resolution reads:

"Whereas the Territorial area of the Province of Manitoba is small in comparison with the areas of most of the other Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, while the machinery of Government is as full and complete as would be necessary to govern and administer the affairs of a much larger territory; and

"Whereas there are districts adjacent to the Province of Manitoba that should be comprised within the limits thereof, for the purpose of Provincial Autonomy, their Agricultural, Commercial and Educational interests being in a great measure common, and a union thereof would tend to develop and strengthen the same; and

"Whereas in the formation of the said adjacent territory into Provinces, it is advisable in the public interests to include in the Province of Manitoba as much of the area as possible, consistent with Economical Administration;

"Therefore let it be resolved, That a memorial be presented to the Parliament of Canada, praying that the boundaries of the Province of Manitoba be extended so as to include as much

of the said adjacent territory for reasons aforesaid as may be consistent with Economical and Efficient Government, and for the welfare and development of the people and territory therein comprised; having in view as one of the objects to be attained, the extension of the boundaries of Manitoba northwards to Hudson's Bay."

That this resolution fairly represents the public attitude there can be no doubt. Manitobans hold that their Province should have extended eastward as far as Port Arthur, for Manitoba's immediate transportation problem extends that far and the territory will always be tributary to Winnipeg and not to Toronto. There is a feeling of disappointment that this territory was not secured and this feeling goes to strengthen the determination not to allow another opportunity for desirable extension to pass without an effort to turn it to account. Access to Lake Superior cannot now be obtained, but access to Hudson's Bay is obtainable. There can be no reason why a portion of the District of Keewatin should not be annexed to Manitoba. How valuable an acquisition this might prove is uncertain; but it is probable that the people of the West will not be satisfied until they have experimented with the Hudson's Bay transportation route and Manitoba looks upon the ports on the west side of the bay as falling naturally to her.

When it comes to possible extension of the western boundary of the Province quite different conditions are encountered. Any such extension would mean the inclusion of portions of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan which already contain a fair population and the wishes of whose inhabitants must be considered. The representatives of these Territories and of Alberta in the Assembly at Regina have expressed themselves as opposed to the annexation of any portion to Manitoba. But the people themselves have not yet made up their minds. The residents of the Indian Head district recently extended a largely signed invitation to Premier Roblin of Manitoba and Premier Haul-

tain of the Territories to discuss before them in joint debate the relative advantages of union with Manitoba and separate Provincial existence. This debate took place at Indian Head on December 18. Mr. Roblin explained Manitoba's financial condition and stated what obligations any added territory would be expected to assume and what benefits would be immediately conferred. Mr. Haultain argued against the inducements held out by Mr. Roblin and advocated a new Province consisting of the three Territories now represented at Regina. Discussion is thus preparing the people concerned for an intelligent choice. Manitoba does not desire conquest by Act of Parliament but, believing her case to be a good one, she is willing to let it rest on its merits.

That no principle with regard to the size of Provinces has actuated the Dominion is evident from history. There was no object in making Manitoba the insignificant Province it was originally, since there was a superabundance of territory available; and when the Province was enlarged in 1881 there was no sense in limiting it to 74,000 square miles. Between the western boundary of Ontario and the Rocky Mountains two Provinces can be created that will be substantially equal, and will be the peers of the other great Provinces of the Dominion. This can be done without running the boundaries north of Athabasca. If the principle of equality is to be followed this must be the solution.

Other solutions will have strong advocates. Those who hold Mr. Haultain's views will urge that the new Province be made so large as to overshadow all other Provinces. Others, again, think that two new Provinces should be formed out of the southern Territories, some holding that the dividing line should run north and south and others that it should run east and west. The decision rests with the Dominion Parliament. Manitoba will stand out, in any case, for an extension of her boundaries and for an equality in terms with the most favoured Provinces.

# IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

## EPISODE IX.—A DESPERATE GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS

ANTHONY HALLAM did not appear next evening and the morning after that I received a post-card bearing the Dover post-mark with the words "Paris. Can't say," which I interpreted to mean that he had gone to the French capital, and that he was unable to fix the date of his return.

Ten days elapsed before his familiar tap was again heard at my window. With what alacrity did I bound from the old leathern chair; with what enthusiasm did I draw the brass bolt intended to bamboozle the burglars! Anthony was in his dressing-gown, and apparently in tolerable spirits.

It seemed that the weather had become more genial, and that Mackie had reported good things of the garden. Moreover, my friend was evidently about to take a season of the repose of which the flavour is doubly agreeable after arduous and successful work. He fixed his head and his heels at the right angle, and having lit his pipe, waved the willow "spill" in the air, filling the room with the agreeable odour of burning wood.

"This," he said, "is what I call perfect happiness. My best friend,"—I bowed—"my favourite drink from my favourite mug, my favourite chair, pipe and tobacco, and, my splinter of wood to recall the happiest days of my life. For this odour was that of my father's best moments, that of his last smoke at night. I can see him now, sitting in the chimney corner, simple, but wise; my mother opposite, sewing, knitting, or making hearthrugs which lasted a life-time. It was reckoned incorrect,

and almost a scandal, for a woman to sit with folded hands by the family hearth. Those were the days of old-fashioned people. I suppose my judgment is failing or that I am under the influence of sentiment. But—do you know—I like the old-fashioned folks best.

"I can understand it," I said; "my father and mother were old-fashioned folks—Methodists of the ancient breed."

"Then you know all I feel concerning such people, and you understand the depth of my affection, and therefore sympathize with my fancy to light my pipe with bits of willow. My father used such pipe-lights, so did my grandfather. Talk of foreigners! The rural folks of fifty years ago were as different from the metropolitan folks of to-day as the latter are from any foreigners in Europe."

"And the Parisians?" I suggested.

"The Parisians are not the French, but only the scum that accumulates at the top, and which should be skimmed off and thrown away periodically. The French are a splendid people, and not at all what the man in the street—that synonym for crass and bumptious ignorance—supposes them to be. Were the magnificent architectural creations of Paris and all France conceived and executed by a nation of chattering apes?"

"You don't like Paris," I insinuated.

"I detest the Parisians." Here he made a ring or two, and then, relighting his pipe, once more waved the smoking willow wand on high.



"The origin of our likes and dislikes is not always truly known to ourselves. We cannot always diagnose our own diseases, we cannot always analyze our feelings. Perhaps I dislike Paris because I lost a bit of my left ear there.

"It was a case of coining, and coining sovereigns. For months the frauds had spread dismay among all classes, not only of the British community, but also abroad. It was an old affair when it was first laid before me officially—quite hoary-headed, as it were. The detectives had puzzled their heads over it without obtaining the smallest clue that was really workable. Now, detectives are only human. They have not the gift of divination. They want something to start with. And in this case they could find nothing that was likely to lead to anything.

"Let me tell you exactly how the matter stood when Government decided that the affair was of a character which demanded the attention of our department. The coins were all sovereigns, but not all of the same date. So far, five different dates had been discovered. The work was perfectly done, the difference between the false coins and the true being discoverable only by experts and with a microscope. The utmost skill had been lavished on the dies, and the worn appearance of sovereigns several years old was admirably imitated. In short the thing was so cleverly done, even to the 'ring' which was excellent, that ordinary people had no means of detecting the fraud except by weight, and what man of business can stop to weigh every sovereign offered to him? What would you say if when you planked down your sovereign for your tobacco or your railway ticket, the clerk or the counterman stopped to weigh it before giving change, while other people shuffled impatiently, and you thought of the policeman round the corner?

"When I took up the matter the earliest fraud reported was about four months old. The place was Leith, of all others. Following up the frauds chronologically, it seemed that the exploiter of the base coin had started in

Leith, and after a short spin among the canny Scots of Glasgow and Edinburgh had gone southwards, making a sort of slow and royal progress through the cities. Liverpool and Manchester had been touched, then Birmingham, with its smaller neighbours of Coventry and Wolverhampton. Proceeding, the devastator had lightly touched Stafford, and then—had apparently suspended operations. It was queer that London had not been honoured with a visit. The suspension of operations at Stafford coincided with the general hue and cry of the newspapers. For the moment everybody was on the alert. The operator had evidently thought it best to dissemble for a space. This concluded the first stage of the proceedings.

"One other point may be noted. By degrees the thief had become more daring. Beginning at Leith with single sovereigns he had gradually acquired such confidence that at Stafford he had asked a jeweller, from whom he had made some small purchases, to oblige him with a note for cash, and having obtained a twenty-pounder, had immediately turned it into real sovereigns at a local bank. The most maddening feature of the case was found in the twenty-nine extant descriptions of the supposed perpetrator of the frauds. A sailor, a soldier, an old gentleman of distinguished appearance, a young lady, a smartly-dressed young man, an old woman, an American tourist, a Church-of-England clergyman, a wealthy young Australian, a Canadian ship-owner—heavens! what impressions the duped persons had! There they were before me, their combined impressions making a perfect patchwork pattern without a vestige of coherence.

"But the matter did not come before me until its third stage had been reached, and so far, I have only stated the 'evidence' collected during its first period. Having done the provinces from Leith to Stafford, the artist paused, and the detectives thought they saw in this a very patent fact. The 'mint,' they said, was in Edinburgh or Glasgow—possibly in Leith. But the thief,

living in either of the two former cities, would naturally go as far as Leith to make his debut in a strange place. Succeeding fairly well in Leith, he returned to Edinburgh and Glasgow with a good courage, and having done well enough, had in good time, and with good judgment gone south to 'fresh woods and pastures new.' That was the theory, and its result was this:—Edinburgh, Glasgow and Leith had been ransacked and rummaged to an extent unprecedented in their annals, entirely without result. The police, however, held to the first theory, declaring that the 'mint' was in one of the three places, but—most cleverly hid. Its discovery, they said, was only a question of time. And while the Scotch police failed to find the 'mint,' and the English police failed to trace the artistic disseminator, the thing broke out in a fresh place, and more severely than ever.

"This time the artist got a good start, and seemed to have profited by experience, besides having attained a magnificent audacity unknown to his earlier efforts. You know how Continental hotel-keepers welcome the English sovereign?"

"Yes," I replied, "I know that with English sovereigns you can travel anywhere in Europe, without troubling to obtain the money of the country."

"The operator knew it too. He commenced at Rotterdam, went on to The Hague, called at Amsterdam; ran thence to Dusseldorf, favoured Cologne with his notice, dropped in at happy Mainz—Mainz, which has two dozen more smells than Cologne which, according to Coleridge, has two and seventy separate and distinctive stench—thence to Wiesbaden, thence back to Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, to Verviers, to Brussels, to Antwerp, and thence—nobody knew where."

"He took the regular tourist track," I remarked.

"Yes, and—in the regular tourist season, too. His measures were well-considered; he knew his way about; covered the ground like a flash, by various subtle and plausible pretexts

obtaining the notes of the country for gold, and then at once changing these for genuine coin. It was a clever expedient, and one which showed a deep knowledge of mankind. Could the hotel-keeper oblige him with notes for English sovereigns? He had so much British gold, and it was so troublesome. Notes were so much more convenient were they not? So much more portable, you know! Could he be obliged with fifty pounds' worth. This was the favourite trick. Others were practised, but this was our friend's particular trade-mark. Well, he eluded capture, partly by reason of the rate at which he covered the ground, and partly by reason of his constant change of country. You may be in Holland, Germany, Belgium, and France, all in one day; and international police regulations work slowly.

"Well, he disappeared at Antwerp. Studying his track, this looked as if he had shipped for England once more. There was a quiet period during which people read languidly in the papers of the frauds perpetrated on the Continent by a 'gang of English swindlers,' and then they forgot the thing once more. When that period arrived, the fraud recommenced, this time in London, which seemed to have been reserved for the final series of master coups, after the 'prentice hand had been tried elsewhere.

"The extent of the frauds was alarming, the audacity of the rogue or rogues appalling. Let me recapitulate. First stage, Scotland and England, from Leith to Stafford; second stage, from Rotterdam north to Amsterdam, south to Mainz, back to Cologne, and soto Belgium. Third stage, London, the *bonne bouche*. At this point the matter was considered to possess a sort of political or economic character, which called for the intervention of the Government, and the police having entirely failed, and the thing having attained colossal proportions, the business was entrusted to me.

"After an hour's study of the twenty-nine personal descriptions of the swindler or swindlers collected by the police

I came to the conclusion that there were two persons, that they were of opposite sexes, and that they were young. Both sexes were named; the rogue was masculine on eighteen occasions, feminine on eleven occasions. Both were adepts at disguise; when they appeared as old folks, they were 'made up.' For the young to 'make up' old is easy. For the old to 'make up' young is comparatively hard.

The London newspapers boomed the frauds so tremendously that you would have thought nobody would have taken a sovereign from a stranger without caution. I say *you* would have thought so, because you read the papers, and note what you see, and therefore think that all the world does likewise. But let me remind you that though the 'confidence' trick has been boomed for a generation, it is still practised with success, and every month brings its victim to the trick of snapping a gun at a brother or sister, said gun being 'thought' to be unloaded. When will people stop changing places while boating, and drowning whole cargoes of holiday folks? Never; yet all these things should be familiar to the masses.

"I discarded the police theory as to the 'locale' of the 'mint,' and the moment I was placed in command ordered that no arrest should be made if it was possible to avoid it. The artist was to be tracked, as only by this means could we be sure of stamping out the fount and origin of the trouble. To arrest a man passing base coin might avail us nothing so long as the 'mint' survived. To give an individual fourteen years might be poetic justice, but it would not prevent the coiners uttering base coin, nor would it deter others from its distribution. 'One down another up,' would be their motto. No; to be practical, to be thorough, we required to catch, not a single member of the gang, but the whole boiling, with stock, plant, fixtures, and—ahem, goodwill!

"The young couple, if such they were, had a singularly elusive way. Charles Reade has said, 'It is the elus-

ive woman that attracts,' and I remembered his opinion with respect. The more slippery the lady was the more charm I felt in the pursuit. For I was sure there was a lady; I was sure she was young and, ten to one, good-looking; I was sure she had talent, and yet—I instinctively felt that in some way not foreseeable she would assist me in the chase. Too often, alas! the lady of the business gives the show away. Allow me to drink to the sex. Woman, lovely woman! 'Let slanderers treat thee as they will, With all thy faults I love thee still!'" And Anthony Hallam took a deep, deep draught of the good cold tea.

"At length came the first flash of real light through the murk of vague supposition. Just off Tottenham Court Road is a semi-circle of boarding-houses called 'The Crescent,' and here at No. 10, lived an M. Durose, who was a Frenchman with an English wife. M. Durose was a diamond-setter for a Hatton Garden firm; Mrs. Durose ran the lodgings. The house had a good reputation, and a clientele of regular visitors from the provinces. Sometimes a stranger came, and sometimes a fraud was perpetrated—or it would not have been a London lodging house. But the Durose establishment usually went on smoothly and comfortably. Mrs. Durose did not expect to be swindled, and consequently was not on her guard. And trouble had come.

"Not a very serious affair, from my point of view, but Mrs. Durose thought otherwise. A delightful young couple had stayed there just one week, and on leaving had paid her with sovereigns; six of them; and five were base—her husband had detected the fact on his return from business in the evening, the delightful young couple having departed in the morning. They left at 9; M. Durose came home at 6; 9 hours clear start, and—it seemed that they had left London.

"For the 'Boots' had fetched a cab; the luggage had been piled thereon (two large boxes and a bag); and the

gentleman had said 'Euston,' as plainly as possible; 'Boots' was quite positive of that. 'Euston' was the direction given to the cabman. It was raining and pouring, and the time was about 9.15.

"The gentleman was dressed as a gentleman," said Mrs. Durose, with black coat and waistcoat and gray trousers. He might be eight and twenty, and was English, she was sure. But the lady was French, she thought. They both spoke French 'like smoke,' and the man had chatted in that language with M. Durose one morning in the hall. The lady was of 'the showy sort,' and went away in a very handsome fawn-coloured mackintosh which her husband had bought for her the day before.

"When I heard of that handsome fawn-coloured mackintosh—but words fail me. I asked Mrs. Durose to describe it; she became 'mixed' and indefinite. But she agreed to run round the best shops with me, and, accompanied by her sister and my humble self, whirled over the district for three-quarters of an hour. Not only did we find the shop, but Mrs. Durose identified the pattern of the waterproof, which was stylish and striking in the extreme. I bought the facsimile of the garment elegantly worn by the late lodger at No. 10, the Crescent, and, promising Mrs. Durose to do my best to bring the defaulting pair to condign punishment, took my leave, with the five false coins in my possession.

"There was no need to compare them with the base sovereigns already in hand. The dates were sufficient, once you knew the coins. But why did the man pay one good sovereign? Was it a slip, or—was he running short of stock? If the latter, he would be on the point of returning to the manufactory; to the 'mint' of which the police had talked so much. And the fact of his leaving by Euston rather pointed to the North as the right locality after all! The idea that the police might be right was unpleasant. I had pooh-poohed the

notion emphatically. Perhaps the distributor was about to give the provinces another turn; we might hear of him again in the Midlands. Meanwhile, I went to Euston with the mackintosh.

"Not a vestige of the happy pair. This was queer; the lady and gentleman with two large boxes and a bag, and the handsome garment like the one I carried on my arm had not been noticed by anybody! I wired up the main line, and along the branches, and in short, did all I knew. No result. From Euston to the Crescent is only a hop, step and jump. I called at No. 10, and borrowed the boy for half an hour. No, the cabman he had fetched was not on the stand. No, he didn't know his name or number. But he would know him when he saw him. We got the cabby next morning. He remembered the mackintosh at once. And—what a lovely bit of news he gave me. I could have danced with delight.

"Said the cabby, 'Yes, he jumps up and he says "Euston." But when we'd gone 'alfway he says, Driver, he says, take us to "Victoria!" And I tuk 'em to "Victoria," and he give me two 'arf-crowns. He were a perfect gentleman.'

"This was enough for me. My waterproof worked like a charm. By it I tracked its predecessor to Paris, and in an incredibly short space of time, several thousand pairs of eyes were watching the streets of the French capital for a lady wearing a pattern like that deposited by me with the police authorities. In three days she was found, and I was at liberty to introduce myself to her elegant boudoir in the Boulevard Malesherbes, had I been so disposed. But that would have spoiled all; and, exercising a strong effort of will, I denied myself the pleasure of presenting my homage.

"Once the pair were traced the rest became mere routine. The French police, excellent in detective work, and born trackers, following the pair of distributors, located the 'mint' in a quiet respectable district on the south side of the Seine, Rue Pompiere. There

were six in the gang, five men and the lady who had been 'doing' England and the Continent with her accomplished 'husband.' Two were French, one Leroux, and the lady, whose name was Cecile Ducrot. Three were English, known respectively as 'Big Bill,' Williams, and the 'Grasshopper,' which disrespectful name applied to our touring friend. The remaining ruffian was a Belgian named Schirmer, an expert in revolver-shooting, who kept himself in form by daily practice at one of the shooting galleries so popular in France, even at seaside resorts. All this was discovered bit by bit, the police displaying the greatest tact and skill, and watching these worthies about with perfect art and the greatest patience.

"All the men had lady friends, but Cecile was the only woman admitted to the house in the Rue Pompier, or who knew of it, or of its business. The others knew nothing, and therefore of no use to us. Our object in waiting and watching was to bide our time, and to nab the whole gang with their stock-in-trade at once. This policy was rendered easier by the fact that for the moment operations were suspended, and that the confederates, with a sound discretion, had never uttered a false coin in Paris. They were now enjoying themselves in perfect security, having probably divided the spoil which the 'Grasshopper' and Cecile had brought over from England. The art would seem to be this—you worked seriously to exchange the false coin for genuine, and having effected this, you lived in virtuous ease, disbursing good money in your chosen area, and basking in the smiles and respect of all sorts and conditions of men.

"At length came the time for the resumption of hostilities. Preparations were made to finish the drama, and a strong force was ordered to act under a distinguished police official named Goriot, who was instructed to carry out my general design under my immediate direction. The interior of the house in the Rue Pompier had not been examined, one of the gang being

always there on guard. The front was on the street; at the back was a large garden with a high wall, in which was a doorway which led into a narrow passage between the garden wall and another garden wall. Before the front door was a small enclosure with a high spiked palisade. As the house was detached there was no taking it by surprise. Even the passage between the garden walls was commanded from the upper windows.

"An open attack seemed the only method available, and the gang doubtless had firearms and would use them freely. Goriot and I talked the thing over, and finally decided on a night expedition. In order to avoid if possible driving the ruffians to desperation, which meant loss of life on our part, we determined to make our approach by the front, to knock and ring in our official capacity, and—to drive them to flight by the garden, where they would run into the arms of an overwhelming force. At the last moment, and when the whole gang were safely tracked to their lair, we arrested Cecile with the object of obtaining information that might be of use to us that evening. But she only laughed and said we would be shot down like dogs, and that she would give millions to see the fun. You know the demoniac Frenchwoman of the Commune? The lovely Cecile was of that stamp; smooth and silky in manner, but with the teeth and claws of the tiger.

"Goriot then went to the front to summon the party to surrender. I went with the outflanking column to the back. The night was dark and there was no knowing what would happen. It was hardly likely that if they tried to escape by the garden they would stick to the path and the garden door. No, they would be more likely to scale the side walls which led into other gardens, than to patronize the end wall at the bottom of the garden, where was the portal and the regular track. Having therefore to guard a large area, the thought occurred to occupy the garden under cover of the distraction afforded by Goriot in the



street. At the signal convened, ten of us scaled the wall, leaving twenty men scattered outside it. I advanced at their head, cautiously, you may be sure. Not a sound here—no doors opening, no sign of the fleeing band. Nearer and nearer, and yet no movement. Nor were there any lights. All still and silent. But we knew the birds were there; the nest had been closely watched. Emboldened by impunity, I ventured by the side of the house to a point where the garden commanded the street, and there I saw that Goriot lingered uncertain. Nobody had responded to his summons. That was what he expected, no reply, and a *saute qui peut* by the garden.

"You know the sort of street over the Seine about there? Not a street at all, in the city sense, but more like a country road with detached houses standing in their own grounds. I was considering the advisability of communicating with Goriot, when there came a declaration of war.

"It came from an upper window, and it was a shot from a revolver. Not a bad shot, in the dark. The bullet took away the lower lobe of my left ear, after passing through the brim of a favourite old felt hat, which it ruined.

"After this there was no more to be said, though much to be done. The thing was plain enough. They had discovered our plan, and seeing no possibility of escape, meant to stand a siege. I ran along in the darkness to a point I thought safe, and, scaling the wall, went round under its cover to Goriot. A hasty conference followed; we decided on instant and violent measures; a double assault on front and rear, a reserve force remaining at both points to cover our advance by firing at the windows whence the desperate men in a corner might have

taken cool shots at us. A neighbouring timberyard furnished a couple of battering rams, and while our covering parties fired into the upper windows we simultaneously demolished the doors both back and front, and effected a lodgment on the ground floor.

"Even then life was not all beer and skittles.

"One of our men was shot through the shoulder, and no one knew who would fall in attempting to rush the stairs. Still, the pause was only for a moment. Our blood was up, and with a shout of 'Forward' we went on, firing upward into the darkness. It was a regular storming affair, I can tell you, and but for the shooting, which deterred the neighbours, we should have had a large gallery of spectators. With a last rush we crashed the timber through the last door with its barricades and bore down and mastered the whole gang. 'Big Bill' was killed on the spot; Williams was shot through the lungs and died next day; the 'Grasshopper' and the rest were secured unhurt. We found about 5,000 sovereigns and a complete and scientific plant. It seemed that each of the gang was an expert in a particular department, whether metallurgy, die-sinking or engraving; and that the 'Grasshopper' and his accomplice were the only distributors. Of course, the French Government dealt with the survivors, and I remember how Cecile declared she had been convicted because the prison authorities would not permit a certain preparation to be used for her golden locks. 'With my hair like this,' she said, 'I look like a criminal!' I always felt indebted to Cecile and her waterproof; Morland has often worn its fellow with exquisite grace. He never looks more ladylike than when wearing his 'Cecile' mackintosh."

## THE RISE AND FALL OF THE J. HOLMES GREENES

*By L. E. Schulte*

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Green first appeared in city life they attended a small and unpretentious rough-cast edifice, in an equally unpretending back street, and there worshipped, in the proud consciousness that they were rather "large toads in a very small puddle." Mrs. Green's proportions swelled with pride when she heard herself spoken of as "Sister Green" and "a shining light." She frequently led in prayer, much to her own satisfaction. Considering her donations, which were almost as generous as her proportions, the congregation wisely said nothing. So all were happy and dwelt in harmony.

The Greens prospered, and soon Mrs. Green engaged a maiden to assist her in her household duties, to whom she made frequent references as "the help." Indeed, so frequently was "the help" alluded to, that her existence was somewhat resented among Mrs. Green's less fortunate female acquaintances. They found it aggravating, when they went to take tea with the lady, to be greeted with some such address as the following:

"Well, now, aint I just glad to see you! You'll excuse me opening the door, but I aint got but one help and she's settin' the table. I often say to Green, I says, 'Well, if I find it so hard to get along with one help, however does Mrs. Walters manage with none? But I guess it all depends on the way you're raised and the way you wants to live.' But do come in and lay off your things. You must be tired out doin' your own work the way you do. However you stand it is more than I can see."

How could sentiments of pure affection linger in any human breast after an address like that? Soon the Greens were spoken of in an unflattering manner at all the local tea drinkings.

At the Mission Workers' meeting

Mrs. Green was a regular attendant and a generous giver, but, as she always took care to remark that she "says to Green" she guessed she would give this or that, because if she didn't there wasn't anyone else as could afford it, the gifts were not received with the old time fervour. Hence she generally found herself on the outside of the circle, which is not agreeable.

Now this was not to be borne. What is the use in having more than your neighbours if they won't let you tell them so?

"Joseph," said Mrs. Green to her liege lord, as together they sat before the fire, he with his paper, she with her knitting—"Joseph, I aint altogether satisfied with the way things is going in the church. Seems to me the folks is growing jealous and mean. I was thinking as we aint spending half, nor a quarter, what we could, it would be a good idee for us to move on a real fashionable street, and go to a real fashionable church. Land alive! whatever is the use of having money if you don't get the good of it. If we was to go to a bigger church we'd get company more equal."

Joseph put down his paper and ex-pectorated thoughtfully, for he always gave due consideration to the words that fell from the lips of his spouse—a virtue all members of his sex might emulate with much advantage.

"Say, Sairey," he said, "I was thinking something the same myself. As far as I can see there ain't no reason we couldn't cut a dash. Just hold on a bit. I've got a deal on now, and if it goes through satisfactory I guess we'll be pretty well fixed, and money don't need to bother us. I know about as much as I need to know about buying wheat, and I guess me and you has got sense enough to learn all there is to learn about style."

"Well, Joe," said his wife, "I guess

we have; and won't the folks round here be just mad when they see our names down at all the swell parties. Say, there is one thing we've got to learn to do, and that is to dance; all the swells do it."

Joseph didn't like this idea at all. He had a vision of himself in swallow-tail and pumps careering wildly around, and he felt he would not be at his best in the mazes of the waltz or two-step; so he drew the skirts of the church round his spare person, and averred that what she declared wrong (in this respect) he would in no wise do. Not so with Sarah, who had a small foot and a light step, and who in imagination saw herself floating about the room in the arms of Sir John Jones or Sir James Thomas. The discussion waxed warm, and when bedtime came the situation was proof positive to the philosopher that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Well, things prospered, and in the course of a few months behold the Greens established in splendour in a brown stone front with suitable settings. Feeling, as the time approached for them to enter the gay world, a not unnatural doubt of their ability to engineer their bark through the troubled waters of high life, they engaged, as pilot, a widow lady, viz., Mrs. Augustus Stewart, a dame rich in style but poor in pocket, who, for a rather large monetary consideration, consented to be their dearest and most intimate friend. Under her guidance they were metamorphosed from "the Joe Greens" into Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene; also they were no longer "raised" in the country, but had been brought up there, and Mrs. Greene had passed all her maiden life at the old homestead. Likewise "the help" vanished from the Greene *menage*, and her place was taken by the maids and the coachman.

Mrs. Greene should have been the happiest of women. But—she was not. She felt there were still worlds to conquer. Every Sunday when they drove to church in state, she gazed

with longing eyes at the exclusive edifice in which Mrs. Stewart worshipped. It was Episcopalian of the very highest variety; this was her Mecca.

"If we are going to be fashionable, Joe," she complained, "I don't see why we can't be as fashionable as can be. Mrs. Stewart says as it's the most fashionable church in the city. I do wish we was Episcopalian, and I don't believe it would cost us as much to be English Church as to be Methodist; and when they don't ask us to lead in prayer in this church, I don't see why we can't go where the minister does it all. Besides, the folks we want to know in the church we are going to ain't called on us or asked us out. I do wish you'd leave." And so in course of time Joseph left, and the Greens became "English Church."

Every Thursday, clad in silk and velvet, Mrs. Greene sat herself down to receive in state the fashionable visitors who came not. It really was too trying. She and J. Holmes went to church twice on Sundays and tried to think they enjoyed the ornate service. They gave to everything, and poor Mrs. Greene talked of her maids and Atlantic City whenever she got the opportunity. All in vain. No one came to see her save to collect, and as for Joseph, the only notice he received was from a pompous gentleman seated on his right, and as the notice consisted in a peculiarly wooden stare when Joseph, under the mistaken impression that he was singing, made a noise throughout the musical part of the service, it cannot be said to have made him feel either comfortable or at home. Truly Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene were getting more and more out of their element.

In this state of affairs it became necessary to blame some one, and Mrs. Stewart fell a victim on the altar of necessity.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Greene to her, "I don't know what we're paying you such big wages for. You ain't done a thing as far as I can see but just sit round and eat our vittles. I thought you knew such a lot of swells, and

that you was going to bring them all to call on me and Joe, but you ain't done a thing."

Mrs. Stewart was indignant. The injustice of the attack was too great to be borne, for had she not struggled manfully with verbs and nouns, knives and forks, finger bowls and the like, ever since she had enjoyed the pleasure of the Greenes' society? And then to be blamed because they had not all in a moment emerged from grubs into courted butterflies was too much. She replied without that discretion for which ladies, especially widows, are noted, and to put it mildly, "words" ensued, and the end of the matter was that she received a month's notice to quit the mansion.

But in the silent watches of the night a brilliant idea came to Mrs. Greene, a *coup de main*, by which she might jump at one bound into the charmed circle. Hardly could she refrain from rousing up the long-suffering Joseph to hear all about it, but no sooner did he open his eyes than the plan was laid before him. It was this—they would give a regular ball, no less, and ask all the people they wanted to know, and when all the grandees saw the way in which they were able to entertain they would be only too thankful to continue the acquaintance. Joseph could not but admire the daring of the scheme.

Now Mrs. Greene recognized the fact that Mrs. Stewart's advice was necessary to the success of the entertainment; clearly it must be given before her departure; so she hastened to that lady's apartment and gave utterance to her ideas. But alas! and alack! that embodiment of all the proprieties was still smarting with the thought that in a few short weeks she would be thrown once more on the cold charities of the world, and a desire for vengeance had taken possession of her gentle breast; therefore she thought a rather smiling thought which she did not put into words. She simply acquiesced.

† Soon His Majesty's mails were increased by various square missives, on

their way to all the fashionable quarters of the town, announcing that Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene would be "At Home" on Thursday evening, March 29th, and requested the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Blank. Now as neither Mr. nor Mrs. nor the Misses Blank had the faintest idea who Mr. and Mrs. J. Holmes Greene were, the cards, in most cases, found a rest in the waste paper basket; while the High Church aristocrats said, "What extraordinary people to be giving a party like that on the eve of Good Friday."

Mrs. Greene was inclined to be uneasy that she received no replies, but Mrs. Stewart, still with the desire for vengeance, assured her that it was not good form to acknowledge any invitation, and she was comforted. In the meantime preparations for the dance went on apace, and soon the great day arrived.

A proud and happy woman was Mrs. Greene, as, clad in violet velvet, she gazed on the solemn black-coated waiters who had taken possession of the house. Downstairs the floors were waxed, upstairs the card tables were set out. The supper, under the direction of the smartest caterer in town, promised to be what Mrs. Greene called "rechurdy," and flowers and palms were everywhere.

But time went on, and so far no guest had arrived. Nine, then half-past nine; Mr. and Mrs. Joe smiled less and less. Ten, they ceased to smile at all. The solemn waiters began to glance at one another, and to hold their hands over their mouths, while Mrs. Stewart smiled softly. Eleven, Mrs. Greene could bear it no longer, but broke down and sobbed, declaring that never, no never, would she ask fashionable people to the house again.

The waiters departed, and left them with enough salads, jellies, ices, etc., etc., to last a year, and this was the end of the J. Holmes Greenes.

The Joe Greens now seek fellowship with various other comfortable souls who are content to gaze on high life from afar.

# WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By  
M. Maclean Helliwell

## LIFE'S PRESENT.

Not for the future be our care,  
Nor for the past our thought;  
Not ours the task to murmuring ask  
What other hands have wrought.

The past is gone beyond repair,  
The future yet to be;  
The present alone can we call our own —  
It holds our destiny!

So learn, who would in triumph wear  
The wrested wreath of bay:  
No victory's won in the Coming or Gone—  
It lies in our To-day!

M. MACL. H.

THE Canadian woman visiting her cousins across the border cannot fail to be struck by the fact that there is no American city of any size or importance that does not possess at least one thoroughly modern, well-equipped women's club-house; and upon her return to her native heath she cannot fail to be equally impressed by the conspicuous absence of any such delightful institution in every Canadian city, no matter how far-reaching its power and broad its proportions.

Of course, we have Young Women's Christian Guild and Young Women's Christian Association buildings in almost every town, but I do not know of a single city in the Dominion which has a regular women's club-house corresponding to those which are so ubiquitous across the border. This seems to me to be a rather deplorable state of affairs. Her club has come to be a very important factor in almost every woman's life, and a little "clubbing," provided that she clubs wisely and not too well, is not only to be recommended but encouraged, since it

tends to broaden her views, widen her range of vision and, in brief, helps to make her a woman of broad and liberal culture.

Of women's clubs there are already no small number in Canada; why, then, should they not have their club-house, their permanent local habitation? From Toronto comes the pioneer movement in this direction (it is a somewhat significant fact, by the way, that that progressive little city is not only the headquarters of the three most important women's clubs of Canada, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, the Woman's Art Association, and the National Council of Women, but is likewise the home of the two principal monthly magazines of the Dominion!) in a plan now under discussion for the erection of a club-house by the combined women's clubs of the city.

The suggestion, which has been brought forward by the Toronto Women's Canadian Historical Society, is that there should be put up in some central locality a plain substantial building, which shall include a large hall, to be known as the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall. It shall be available for annual and regular club meetings, entertainments, receptions, lectures, etc.; committee rooms and central offices for the various societies, lunch and tea rooms, and cosy, comfortable reading and writing rooms—in fact, a regulation, orthodox club-house, where women bound by the tie of common interests could meet on common ground or take their friends for a cosy chat and mental and physical refreshment.

This is a movement that should re-



ceive the hearty and sympathetic support of every loyal feminine resident in the Queen City, and let us hope that not only will the Women's Club-house of Toronto soon be a firmly established and most flourishing institution, but that the good example thus set will be speedily followed by all the sister cities of the Dominion.

Speaking of clubs, perhaps the most thoroughly practical one now in existence is the Woman's Improvement Association of Las Cruces, New Mexico. This club is not a society for the improvement of *woman*, as its name might suggest. (why, oh why, are not feminine organizations known as *women's*?—one never hears of a *man's* art club, a Young *Man's* Liberal, Conservative, or Literary Association!) but is bent on adding to the beauty and comfort of the little town of Las Cruces, a small place chiefly populated by unprogressive Mexicans and winter tourists.

The club, now in its fifth year of usefulness, consists of only eleven members, but what these enthusiastic ladies lack in numbers they make up in tireless energy and inexhaustible resource. The club's first proceeding was to fill a long-felt want by the purchase of a *hearse*—a rude waggon having previously served for this purpose, and now the president proudly says they have "the only hearse in the county!" Their next work was to buy a lot, which they promptly converted into a park, by planting trees and building a pavilion. They are at present erecting a windmill for the better irrigation of the town, and hope to be able to build, some day in the near future, a public library and club-house. No mean record this for eleven lone females.



Of all the manifold spheres of activity which are open to men and women none is so uncertain in its rewards as the profession of literature, particularly if poetry be the chosen branch. You will remember the vivid picture Macaulay presents of the early literary associates of the great Dr. Johnson :

"All that is squalid and miserable," he writes, "may be summed up in the word 'Poet.' That word denotes a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and sponging houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him, and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirations were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs; to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place; to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher; to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's church, to sleep on a bulk in June, and among the ashes of a glass house in December; to die in a hospital and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kitkat or the Scribblers club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the High Allies, who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or Paternoster Row."

It is true that the days when such abject wretchedness was the usual lot of the unhappy courter of the muses are happily now past, but the author's millennium has not yet dawned, and, except for the favoured few, the path of literature does not yet always lead to fortune's golden gate.

Many a devoted Apostle of the Pen finds at the falling of life's twilight that the joy of labour has been his toil's sole reward.

Recognizing this sad but undeniable fact, a brother and sister who possessed, in addition to great wealth, strong literary and artistic tastes, and who were desirous of raising a memorial of some kind to their father,

conceived the excellent idea of establishing a memorial home where men who had truly served the world in the promotion of the fine arts might end their days in ease and comfort.

The substantial result of this philanthropic thought is now known to the world as The Pringle Memorial Home, and is situated in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The donors, Mrs. Margaret Pringle Fenton and Samuel Milligan Pringle, knowing that to artistic temperaments at least beauty of surroundings is as essential to happiness as comfort, have spared no efforts in this regard, and it is and has been the study of the managers to maintain throughout the Home an air of antique and established elegance and refinement. Old pictures cover the walls; old books fill the shelves; and old rugs are strewn over the floors. Antique mahogany sets the note of the furnishing throughout, and at the table the quaint old silver of the Pringle household of the earlier days of the last century still does service. Only the billiard room is new.

The capacity of the Home is a scant score. Only about a third of this number are now in residence—artists and literary men, all of whom have served honourably and some even eminently in their professions; one was for thirty-three years a professor at Smith College, one a magazine writer, one an artist. Nor do they consider their activities really ended, for many are continually sending out literary contributions, and one is a regular daily contributor to the editorial page of a metropolitan newspaper. Few, perhaps, in the palmiest days of their active careers were so richly or comfortably housed and so well cared for. It now remains for some others of fortune's favoured ones to establish a similar institution for the feminine *littérateures* who have laboured—financially—in vain.

Amongst a motley collection of books, old and new, a queer little volume was recently unearthed which

must have been a great pet with the elegant ladies of colonial days. Its title page bears this comprehensive suggestion of its contents:

"THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES,  
OR

THE ENGLISH LADY'S CUSTUME,

combining and harmonizing taste and judgment, elegance and grace, modesty, simplicity and economy, with fashion in dress, and adapting the various articles of female embellishments to different ages, forms and complexions, to the seasons of the year, rank, and situation in life. With very useful advice on Female Accomplishments, Politics, and Manners; the Cultivation of the Mind, and the Disposition and Carriage of the Body; offering also the most efficacious means of preserving

BEAUTY, HEALTH AND LOVELINESS.

The whole according to the general principles of Nature and rules of Propriety

BY A LADY OF DISTINCTION,

who has witnessed and attentively studied what is esteemed truly graceful and elegant amongst the most refined nations in Europe."

This genteel and valuable little manual was published in New York in pre-Revolutionary days. Having with "taste, judgment," etc., adorned their outward persons, made themselves conversant with all female accomplishments (tatting and hemstitching), dipped into politics, and studied their manners, the industrious ladies were then free to give thought and attention to such trifles as "the cultivation of the mind" and the means of preserving the health and loveliness so laboriously acquired!

This volume recalled to mind a delightful little book seen some time ago, which surely can have no duplicate anywhere. It was made early in the century by a lady of quaint originality who called it "An Album of Conceits and Fancies." A few specimens of its



## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE announcement of the signing of a treaty between Great Britain and Japan is the international sensation of the month. It was all the more surprising to the people of the British Empire because it came on the heels of what looked remarkably like a policy of scuttle in China. Only a few days before the news of the conclusion of a treaty transpired, it was given out that Great Britain had determined to abandon Wai-Hai-Wei as a naval base. Wai-Hai-Wei had been occupied as a set-off to the occupation of Port Arthur by the Russians and Kiaochau by the Germans. The reasons given for abandoning it were that it was un-

suited for naval purposes or for defence. England, it was said, would confine her attention to the Yang-tse-Kiang region. It was hinted that perhaps she might acquire a foothold at the mouth of the river, thus publicly asserting the "hands-off" policy so far as that great valley was concerned. Hardly, however, had the leader-writers begun to air their views about the decline of British influence in China before this last astonishing announcement was made.

The objects of the treaty are set out in the preamble, namely, to maintain the *status quo*, to preserve the independence and territorial integrity of China and Korea, and to secure equal opportunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations. This is in reality the open-door policy, for the independence and integrity of China are an indispensable part and parcel of that policy. The treaty is to endure for five years, with a provision for its denunciation on a year's notice at any time, but it cannot be terminated by either party while a state of war exists. The contracting parties only agree to come actively to each other's assistance in case either of them is attacked by more than one Power. In case of a single attack on either of them the other engages to maintain a strict neutrality. This is a plucky declaration on the part of Japan of her ability to cope with Russia unaided. All she



FERGUS  
KYLE

### HOLDING UP THE MIRROR

"Is this the attitude our preferential trade advocates would like to see Jack Canuck assume?"

—Toronto Daily Star

asks is that other Powers shall be prevented from coming to the aid of the northern Colossus.

The Bantam and the Bear! Not such a Bantam as at first glance might indicate, however. A tidy little nation of over forty million people, full of the enthusiasm and cocksureness of youth; an army raised by conscription which showed its mettle in overwhelming its overwhelming neighbour a few years ago. The fitness and spirit of the Japanese troops in China during the past two years has drawn tributes of admiration from European officers. Nor is the disparity so great as at first sight might seem to be the case. Japan's great strength is that she is on the ground. European military men have not forgotten the impetuosity with which the little brown men hurled themselves on the Chinese coasts, and in a few short weeks turned the monster dragon of the East on its back. Could Russia prevent an army being again similarly landed in the vicinity of Port Arthur? How long

could she defend that port, strongly fortified though it be, against an enemy that would impel themselves against it like the rats that invaded the bad bishop's palace—at the windows, down the chimney, and even by more questionable entrances? The Russian fleet is more powerful, but it is scattered. Japan's interests are so concentrated that in an emergency she could perhaps muster a greater flotilla than the powerful neighbour that has so suddenly appeared at her door like a portentous apparition. That would be a

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The latest portrait of the Marquis of Salisbury, who entered upon his seventy-second year on February 3rd, having been Premier of Great Britain for a total period of fifteen years, during which time he has headed no fewer than four Governments. Lord Salisbury has been more than 4,850 days in office, the Earl of Liverpool was 4,680 days, Mr. Gladstone 4,489 days, Lord Palmerston 3,434 days, Lord Beaconsfield 2,528 and Lord Melbourne 2,492 days.

tremendous element in such a contest—who could get in motion first, and at present it looks as if Japan were in the best position. What may be the outlook when the whole East is full of Russian soldiers, with trains passing regularly and efficiently between Port Arthur or Vladivostock and Moscow remains to be seen.

In the meantime the treaty catches Russia bringing all her minatory influences to bear to coerce the Chinese



Government to a virtual cession of Manchuria. The French papers are declaring that the negotiations with respect to Manchuria are outside the scope of the new treaty. Certainly if its words mean anything it is not. The independence and integrity of China are its very *raison d'être*. The Chinese authorities have not signed the convention with Russia as to Manchuria, and are not at all likely to do so now when one of the world's great Powers is leagued with the dominant Power of the East in giving Russia notice that any interference with China or Corea will precipitate a conflict. The tone of

the Russian press in commenting on the treaty is charmingly moderate, but the disappointment must be keen. At the very moment the treaty was announced in Peking, tremendous pressure was being brought to bear on Prince Ching, who is virtually Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, to sign the convention. But Li is dead, and the present Chinese authorities know not Joseph. Prince Ching, it is thought, will welcome any interference that relieves him from the insistence of his overbearing neighbour, who has so long and yet to all practical intents and purposes so recently, moved into his Siberian possessions.



"WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

"The Boer representatives in Europe have been completely discredited and ignored by the British Government on account of their having no relation to the fighting burghers in the field."—*Daily Paper*.

**PATHETIC CHORUS:**

"We've got no work to do—oo-oo;  
We've got no work to do;  
We're all poor, honest delegates;  
But we've got no work to do!"

—*London Express*

(And so on ad infinitum.)

It appears that the treaty before being signed was communicated to Washington. It does not appear that there was any expectation that the United States would become one of the signatory powers, but it is recognized that the policy which the treaty crystallizes is one which the United States supports with all its heart, although its principle of entering into no "entangling alliances," prevents it from actually setting its hand and seal to the matter. The march of events in the East has inevitably cast the aims and policy of Great Britain and the United States in the same grooves. The experiences of the latter in the Philippines only serves to confirm the fact that the form of the American Constitution, and to some extent the ingrained political ideals of the people make a programme of foreign adventure inconvenient, if not impossible. Americans possess the managing in-

stinct quite as strongly as Englishmen do, and in the end it may lead them far, but they will first have to silence that inward monitor in the breast that has been nurtured on a hundred years of Fourth of July celebrations. How powerfully this monitor speaks is witnessed by the growing repugnance of the country to the position they find themselves in in the Philippines. The whole country would heave a sigh of satisfaction if the responsibilities that have been assumed there could be honourably cast aside to-morrow. What sustains them is the distaste to acknowledge that they have undertaken a task that they have not the stomach to finish.

They certainly will undertake no further adventures of the same kind unless it be on this continent. They have no dreams of Chinese possessions, therefore, but they have dreams of Chinese trade. That is the problem—to preserve equality of opportunity for trade among the mercantile nations of the world. In this the United States and Canada as Pacific Ocean Powers are vitally interested. The adherence of the former, therefore, to the open-door policy is no mere tepid assent to an academic political principle, but is a thoroughgoing assertion of an indispensable commercial maxim. While not in the same position as the United States in the matter of foreign possessions, Great Britain is yet quite as indisposed to assume any fresh obligations. She does not desire a Chinese India on her hands, but she is determined that neither Russia nor any other Power shall close the markets of the East upon her one after another. Thus, without any treaty of alliance the aims of the two great English-speaking countries are identical in the East, and they are virtually forced together by community of interest.

The criticism is frequently heard that British foreign policy consists mainly of a watchful vigilance to frustrate Russia at every point, and even to prevent her following her legitimate aims and ambitions. The criticism is probably not without support, and the pro-Russians will think that this is another case in point. But if it be once admitted that the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire is something that the other Powers could not assent to, there seems to be no other course than to stop such a threatened catastrophe at its inception. Would not every argument that is advanced for the seizure of Manchuria be advanced later on for the inclusion of Corea or other provinces of China. It would be a signal for the game of grab to begin. If Russia complains of the tendency of British statesmen to spoil sport, they ought to see if their sport is of a legitimate kind.

The efforts of the European Governments to prove to the United States that Codlin is their friend, not Short, is rather ridiculous, and anxious as we all are to promote good feeling between the two countries, it must be thought that the present competition for the smiles of Uncle Sam is rather childish. If he does not know who were his friends in the war with Spain, he can find out if he is interested, and if he is not interested it is somewhat caddish to thrust it on his attention. Self-respecting people, when they act in neighbourly fashion toward their neighbours, do not subsequently roost on their doorsteps in order to remind them of the fact every time they pass out or in.

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

WHEN Sir John A. Macdonald conceived and advocated his "National Policy," he saw very clearly the

A WAVE OF PATRIOTISM. necessity of his country; when he used that necessity to help him back to political power,

he was as much the politician as the patriot. To-day, all Canada is uniting in that policy and the trade question is being eliminated from party politics.\* If this merges the two parties into one and abrogates party government, so much the worse for party government. It is much better, even when the results are the same, to place country before politics.

To-day, a great wave of patriotism is sweeping over the Dominion—a positive patriotism, offensive to no other country and aiming at a building up not a tearing down. Every movement looking to an improvement in our agricultural production is supported loyally by all classes of citizens. So it is with regard to mining, lumbering, importing, retailing, manufacturing, shipbuilding, and other branches of industrial life. Every class is showing a willingness to help every other class. And this is constructive patriotism. The manufacturer is anxious to help the farmer, and the farmer the manufacturer. The labourer sees some good in the capitalist and the capitalist sees virtue in the labourer. Each seeks also the other's good.

And after all this is only natural. A community of farmers will be found to

be always living on terms of mutual help. In a live growing town, every citizen is helping to build up and extend the industries and advantages of his town. The people of a country should have the same spirit—the desire to see every man, every class, every species of industry and trade improve and develop. Theoretically patriotism may be bad, but practically it is a necessity in the position in which the world of nations finds itself at this stage of its existence.

The farmer has had little reason to cry out for patriotic treatment. His grain, his beef, his pork, his fruit do

FARMER AND MANUFACTURER.

not need tariff protection. They are the best in the world and everybody uses them. He has required foreign markets, and the nation has done its best to secure them for him. He required railroads, steamboats, public schools, agricultural colleges, creamery schools, cold storage facilities, and he has received them. Of course he paid his proportion for them, but then people do not always get what they pay for.

The manufacturer on the other hand, has needed tariff protection. He was competing with the established manufacturer of countries older and more populous. He cried out for a national policy. He desired the whole country to tax itself, if necessary, that he might do its manufacturing and trading, and thus keep the profits in the country. "Give me a chance to do business," said he, "and I will employ your capital and your labour, and give you an industrial population to consume your agricultural products."

Then he goes farther. He asks the country to buy goods because they are

\* I hope I can say that the tariff is largely out of politics to-day (hear, hear), and that if you will take the trouble to read the discussions at Ottawa you will come to the conclusion that there is not much difference of opinion between the two great political parties in Canada upon this great question.—Hon. W. S. Fielding at Montreal in December.

Canadian. There is a limit to the power of a tariff, and to assist it he calls for patriotism. He brings out his pianos, his woollens, his cottons, his umbrellas, his tinware, his furniture, his leather goods, his pickles, his books, his magazines, his carpets, his machinery and his various wares, and he says: "Buy these. They are made by Canadians in Canadian factories by Canadian capital. The men who produced them are endeavouring to make an honest living and to help you build up this country." And the people are responding, with the result that there is peace, progress and prosperity throughout the land.

Of course there is always the danger that a country may pay too much for its whistle. The manufacturer who imposes on this patriotism will necessarily hasten the day when it will be withdrawn. Even commercial prosperity may be bought at too high a price. An example of the manufacturers demanding too much is the Canadian Paper Makers' Association, which Judge Taschereau has found to be a combine. The government was wise in rebuking unjust action by a reduction of the duty on newsprint from 25 to 15 per cent. This reduction will not cause United States newsprint to come in if the price in Canada is kept at a fair level.

One point at which patriotism might be extended is in the Canadian attitude towards foreign life insurance companies, fire insurance companies, and fraternal benefit associations.

#### LIFE INSURANCE.

These should be given a wide berth. In the first place, the laws in Canada under which native companies of this sort are organized are better than in other countries, and give greater security. In the second place, the more patronage the Canadian companies get, the stronger will be their position with regard to surpluses and reserves. The money collected by these companies and not applied immediately to payments on policies is invested in the country so

as to produce a revenue. In 1900 premiums paid to United States life insurance companies by Canadians amounted to over four millions of dollars. This is not patriotism; it is not even good sense. It may be necessary to go to the United States to buy certain lines of manufactured goods; but it is not necessary, nor advisable, to go there to buy life insurance, fire insurance or fraternal benefits. What the individual has to invest, he should invest in his own country. If he has not enough confidence in his country to do that, he is a citizen unworthy of the name and unworthy of the country which gives him his bread.

Of course no objection can be made against giving business to strong British fire and life insurance companies with branches in Canada and doing business under Canadian regulation.

It is not a good feature of our Canadian life to see so much interest being taken in foreign stocks. The brains, the intelligence, the activity of some of our best Canadians is being devoted to a study of the New York stock market. A great deal of Canadian money is being used to swell the profits of that market. If all this intelligence and wealth were concentrated upon Canadian industries, upon Canadian undertakings, our development would be much more rapid.

The amount of money employed in our daily business is \$11.00 per head now as compared with \$7.70 twenty years ago. Our foreign trade in 1901 was \$71.50 per head as compared with \$49 in 1871. The bank deposits of the people are \$74 per head now as compared with \$19 in 1871. Our trade and our industries have developed wonderfully, and should be able to utilize all the energy of our people. A greater self-confidence is needed to neutralize the fascination of the foreign stock market.

The bankers are mainly to blame for this state of affairs. They advance



money on all sorts of foreign stocks in the form of call loans to brokers, and require the broker or stock gambler to advance only ten per cent. of the value of these stocks. If these bankers were to make the margin on foreign stocks twenty per cent. and leave the margin on domestic stocks at ten per cent., they would prevent much of this interest in foreign securities and speculations. If the banks persist in this somewhat unpatriotic course, there will arise an agitation to amend the banking act to prevent it. The banks have a strong power, a public franchise, and they must be careful not to exhibit a selfishness detrimental to the best interests of the country.

According to the Bank Statement of September 30th last, the call and short loans on stocks and bonds in Canada was 38 millions, and on call and short loans outside of Canada 44 millions. Of this 38 millions, at least 20 millions would likely be on foreign stocks. Then the result is as follows :

Call Loans on Canadian	
Stocks .....	\$ 18,000,000
Call Loans on Foreign	
Stocks .....	\$ 64,000,000

This is not as it should be in the best interests of Canada. What Canadian capital we have should be employed in fostering Canadian industries and trade. This country owes much to its well-managed banks and its solid banking system, but it does not desire to owe less. The power placed in the hands of the banks must not be used against the country. Nor is this enough ; it must be used so as to be an active and persistent help to the country's business.

In addition to the 64 millions of call loans mentioned above, the bank statement shows that at the same time there were outstanding "current loans" outside of Canada amounting to 27 millions. That is 90 millions of Canadian money was employed in enterprises other than Canadian. It seems supremely foolish to be crying to the foreign capitalist for aid when

we have nearly a hundred millions of native capital invested in foreign securities.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is applying to the Dominion Government for permission to add \$20,000,000 to its capital stock and the permission will likely be granted. The Canadian Pacific is our greatest and most successful corporation and its expansion is not displeasing. The country is growing and the Canadian Pacific is growing with it. New rolling stock and locomotives are required, double-tracking from Winnipeg to Fort William will soon be a necessity, and new elevators are required to give more accommodation to those who are making western Canada the granary of the Empire.

There is no stock in which people may invest with greater confidence than that of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. As the country grows, the value of that stock must steadily and proportionately increase. At present a great deal of it is held in London and Berlin, and it would be pleasing to see more of it held in Canada. Some of the hundred millions of Canadian capital now invested in foreign securities might be safely invested in C. P. R. stock.

This would benefit Canada in several ways. The liberality of the Canadian Government and people in franchises, land grants and bonuses to this railway company would thus come back to the people in dividends and increased stock value. If Canadians owned all this stock, there would be less need for the Government to press for occasional revision of the charter, for lawsuits to determine certain disputed points of interpretation, or for a constant pressing for lower rates. The need would still exist of course, but until such times as these revisions and interpretations were accomplished it would be more pleasant to know that any extra profit that was being made would ultimately find its way into Canadian hands.



Then again there would be less need of Government ownership if the stock were all owned in Canada. Government control of rates would then be sufficient, or would be a satisfactory status for the twentieth century. Government ownership is only another name for people's ownership; and if the hundred and ten millions of C. P. R. stock was scattered among a half million of investors, and if private management continued as economical and as progressive as it has been, Government ownership would offer few additional advantages and several disadvantages.

Besides, the holding of the stock in Canada would prevent the arch-manipulators of railway traffic on this continent, who reside to the south of the boundary line, from gaining any foothold in this country. One Canadian railway of considerable importance has just passed into the hands of the Vanderbilts, so that the danger is not a mere bogey.

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Every citizen should be interested in this theme. Every man, woman and child is affected by the country's prosperity. The banker

EVERY CITIZEN  
INTERESTED. who prejudices his  
country's interests  
for the sake of a lit-

tle extra profit on New York loans is not the only person who must learn the new lesson. The journalist who says Canada's crying need is "capital—British capital"—has something to learn. The citizen who buys foreign life insurance and foreign fire insurance, the Canadian who buys foreign stocks in preference to Canadian, the citizen who buys foreign manufactured articles, the citizen who sends his sons to a foreign country to make a living, the citizen who fills his house with foreign books and periodicals, the teacher who does not dwell lovingly on the country's progress and possibilities when moulding the minds of the youths under his charge—all these have something to learn.



THE HON. SENATOR TEMPLEMAN

New Minister in the Dominion Cabinet

It is not all of life to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. There is a sentiment in trade. The British Government is now buying colonial goods in preference to foreign goods, where quality, price and time of delivery are equal. If it is right for the British Government to exhibit sentiment, it is surely right for Canadians to exhibit it, especially concerning Canadian goods.

The sales of Canadian manufactured goods abroad has increased from nine and one-half millions in 1897 to over sixteen millions in 1901. This is gratifying. Our total foreign trade has increased one hundred and sixty-two millions since 1895. This is gratifying also. But our success with our foreign trade depends on our maintaining a healthy domestic trade. The home market is the basis of prosperity. The home market will be more satisfactory when Canadian goods are given the preference where price and quality are equal. It will be more satisfactory when it ceases to be a necessity to label Canadian knitted goods with "Scotch" labels, Canadian hats, tweeds and dress goods with foreign labels, or to sell Canadian Brussels and Axminster carpets as "imported."

Every citizen is interested in this development, and must do his part.

*John A. Cooper.*



## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE NIGHT-HAWK.\*

THIS entertaining book marks the entrance into the lists of a new Canadian novelist, Alix John, a lady of Halifax. Her novel is a stirring tale of blockade-running in the American Civil War. The *Night-Hawk* was one of those swift steamers that plied between Halifax and Southern ports in the interest of the Confederate States. The heroine is introduced to us as a bride, enjoying the social life of Paris. She returns to her Southern home only to find such a state of affairs as obliges her to run away from her husband, escorted by a false friend, who so compromises her as to bring about a divorce. On the outbreak of the war she devotes herself to political intrigues in the interest of her beloved South, and becomes a fascinating and daring "rebel" agent in Paris, and later on in Halifax. She is the central figure of the novel, and monopolizes its action from beginning to end. Her exploits are always interesting, often thrilling. If there are inconsistencies in her mental and emotional outlook—well, she is a woman, and they do not detract from the story.

For a first book, the "Night-Hawk" is far and away beyond the average. Miss Alix John has proved her ability to tell a tale of absorbing interest. There is not a bit of padding in her book from cover to cover. The story *marches* from beginning to end, and is developed with very considerable logical power. There is no attempt at fine writing; no feminine weakness for the frills and flounces

\* THE NIGHT-HAWK—A ROMANCE OF THE 60's. By Alix John: New York, Frederick Stokes & Co.

of female character drawing; every personality in the book is made to reveal itself through the delightfully simple and straightforward action of the story. Whatever shortcomings there are arise from natural limitations and not from a bad method.

This book deserves a warm reception from the Canadian public. It was a quite unnecessary modesty for the lady to assume a *nom de plume*. Her work is worthy of a writer of achieved reputation. In her next story she may safely put aside the mask. Her name will be a distinct addition to the rapidly-increasing list of Canadian writers.

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### ISRAEL PUTNAM.

The Putnams are issuing a series of biographies entitled "American Men of Energy" and the latest volume is intitled "Israel Putnam, Pioneer, Ranger and Major-General." Putnam served as a private in the battle of Lake George, in 1755, where General Johnson commanded the British and Colonial forces against Baron Dieskau and his Canadians. The English lost heavily but were finally victorious. But it was as one of Rogers's Rangers that Putnam won special distinction in these French and Indian wars. The Rangers formed a body of independent scouts, scouring forests, making daring reconnoissances and living and pillaging everywhere. Putnam was not only associated with Rogers but also "became intimately acquainted with him," for they had much in common in their love of adventure, capacity for physical endurance, and instinctive bravery.

This part of the volume will be very interesting to Canadians although little

of the material is entirely new. Yet the story is worth reading once more from a new point of view. The subsequent chapters deal with Putnam's life as a citizen and revolutionary officer.

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#### NOTES.

Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" will be published next October.

The "Speeches on Canadian Affairs," by the late Earl of Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary, have at last been published by Murray, at 7s. 6d. net.

Fisher Unwin announces a book by Arnold Parker, the champion "Ping-Ponger," entitled, "Ping-Pong or Table Tennis: the Game and How to Play it."

Three new volumes in the English Men of Letters Series will appear during March. They are "George Eliot," by Leslie Stephen; "Wm. Hazlitt," by Augustine Birrel, and "Mathew Arnold."

Sir D. M. Wallace, who was the Duke of York's assistant private secretary during the Royal tour, has compiled the official record. There will be many illustrations, and Macmillan will be the publisher.

Charles Bradford is the author of a book published in New York for sportsmen. It is entitled "The Wild Fowls" and is unique in several ways. The pictures of wild geese are excellent. (Toronto: Tyrell's Book Shop.)

Mrs. Cotes ("Sara Jeannette Duncan") will go to England to live in April. Her new novel, "Those Delightful Americans," now running serially in *The Ladies' Field*, appears shortly by Methuen, in London, and Appleton, in New York.

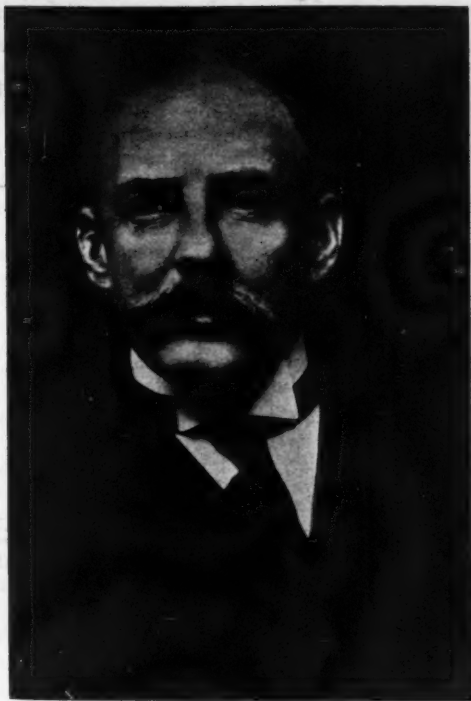


PHOTO BY MISS BEN-YUSUF

F. MARION CRAWFORD, AUTHOR OF "VIA CRUCIS" AND "MARIETTA"

Mr. F. Clifford Smith, author of "A Lover in Homespun" and "A Daughter of Patricians," has completed a volume of short stories entitled "The Fencing Master," which will be published by T. Fisher Unwin during the coming spring.

On March 1, the Copp, Clark Co. propose to issue in paper an edition of "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker. This book has had an astonishing sale, not only in the United States, but in the native country of the author. Probably it is the most powerful book which Mr. Parker has ever written, and its dramatic intensity takes possession of the reader completely. The remarkable success of the book in the cloth edition points to a very large sale in paper.

The Macmillan Co., -New York, announce a new book by Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, entitled "Commonwealth or Empire," in which recent territorial expansions by the United States seem to point to a change in the character, institutions and relations of the republic. Professor Smith takes a birdseye view of recent political, social and commercial tendencies, not confining himself wholly to America. He seeks, generally, for the causes of such tendencies, and also for their results.

Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" had a fine sale in Canada, and the announcement of a new book by the same author is promise of another success. "Audrey" is its title, and the date of publication has had to be postponed until February 26, owing to the very large edition necessary to supply all the advance demands pouring in. Geo. N. Morang & Co., who will handle Miss Johnston's new book, have just issued an edition of "A Modern Antæus," by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." This is a wonderfully strong story of a human life, beautifully written, and altogether a literary achievement.

Prof. James Bryce has just issued "Studies in History and Jurisprudence" (Oxford University Press).

The author of "The Holy Roman Empire" and the "American Commonwealth" has collected together in this bulky volume the "open" or public lectures which he delivered during his ten years of office as professor of civil law at Oxford. By the circumstances of the case, the book has not that unity which characterizes the two works by which Prof. Bryce made his reputation, and yet it only narrowly escapes being his third masterpiece. The majority of studies consist of comparisons between the English and Roman law, and if the book had been confined to this subject it would have been for all time a most indispensable introduction to the comparative study of the common law. One might call his method that of sublime common sense.

William Briggs announces another history of the Royal Canadian Regiment, which, under Col. Otter, formed the first Canadian contingent for service in South Africa. This new volume is entitled "From Quebec to Pretoria," and is from the pen of Mr. W. Hart-McHarg, a barrister of Rossland, B.C. The author resigned his commission in the Rocky Mountain Rangers, and served as sergeant in "A" Company throughout the entire campaign. He proves himself not only a close and intelligent observer, but possessed as well of the ability to record his observations and experiences in good literary style, and in a most interesting way. The publisher regards this as the best history of the contingent yet written. A series of well-executed sketch maps illustrate the plan of campaign and the positions occupied by British and Boers in the several engagements in which the regiment participated.

Mr. Bernard McEvoy has put into shape for publication in book form the delightful series of letters contributed by him to the *Mail and Empire* during his recent extended trip through Western Canada. The volume is entitled "From the Great Lakes to the Wide West." William Briggs has the work in hand, and will issue it in his best style, illustrated plentifully with picturesque scenes—new plates from recent photos—along the route across the continent. Mr. McEvoy writes with the easy, sprightly style of the practised journalist; he possesses the eye of a keen observer, and the faculty, rare enough and therefore all the more to be valued, of giving things their proper proportion. As might be expected, the touch of the poet is frequently in evidence, especially in the many exquisite passages descriptive of the scenery witnessed *en route*. A vein of light humour runs through all the chapters, greatly enhancing the reader's enjoyment. Certainly no volume since Principal Grant's "Ocean to Ocean" was published gives anything like so engaging a picture of Canadian travel.





## IDLE MOMENTS



### THE SOLDIER AND THE CROW.

THE following Canadian story appears in Harper's for August 1878 :

Shortly after the war with Great Britain an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his grounds with a high tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman, "one of the olden time," with the exception that none but the *élite* of the province and the officers of the garrison were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and was always getting into some sort of mischief. One day this chap took the small boat that lay at the foot of the wall of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in rear of Fort George without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree in the inclosure of the aristocratic gentleman, he scaled the high fence, fired, and brought down his game. Colonel B— witnessed the transaction and advanced while the soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-bye, this is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun,

stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, entreated. It was no use. The colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated the command. There was "shoot" in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it; and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite of the crow; but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast and it really appeared as if he would throw up his stomach. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave. After the man had wiped his eyes, the colonel handed him his gun, with this remark: "Now, you rascal, that will teach you not to poach on a gentleman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulations were useless. There was "shoot" in the American's eye, as there had been in the Englishman's. There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant at Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when the colonel was announced.

"Sir," said the colonel, "I came to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have here three hundred men, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.



The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer. "He is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a moment Tom entered, and stood all attention and as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said his officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face—

"I di-di-dined with him yesterday."

Tom was not punished.

#### MARK TWAIN MET THE KING.

An advance paragraph from Mark Twain's autobiography was made public by him at a dinner given by a British club in New York in celebration of the King's birthday. While he was in England, he said, his head was once taxed—he believes, as gas-works. He wrote Queen Victoria a friendly letter of protest. He said, "I don't know you, but I've met your son. He was at the head of a procession in the Strand, and I was on a bus." Years

afterwards he met the Prince of Wales at Hamburg. They had a long walk and talk together. When bidding him good-bye, the Prince said, "I am glad to have met you again." This remark troubled Mark Twain, who feared that he had been mistaken for someone else, perhaps Bishop Potter. He communicated his suspicion to the Prince, who replied, "Why, don't you remember when you met me in the Strand and I was at the head of a procession and you were on a bus?"—Westminster Review.

Scene—Little Willie sitting down to tea with his grandmother, who is just about to cut the cake.

Willie (hastily): "Grannie, before you cut my piece of cake I want to ask you a question."

Grannie: "Well, dear, what is it?"

Willie: "I want to know if your spectacles magnify."

Grannie: "Yes; a little, dear."

Willie; "Well, then, will you please take them off while you cut the cake?"

He: "So you visited Pompeii?"

She: "Oh, yes."

He: "How did you like it?"

"Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course, it was beautifully located and all that, but it was dreadfully out of repair."



SHE—"Have you never been tempted to give up literature?"

AUTHOR—"No such luck—I've always been compelled to stick to it!"—*Life*.



## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### COMMERCIAL SIDE OF WIRELESS WIRES.

THE commercial side of wireless telegraphy is vastly interesting and but little understood. Now that Mr. Marconi is back in England, ready to establish a Transatlantic line in the least possible time, this phase of his system becomes of new importance, says the *London Express*.

It costs sixpence a word to communicate between stations of the Marconi Company at present. The rate per word between England and the United States and Canada, to be charged by the Marconi Company, will be sixpence—in fact, just half the present cable rate. Of course, the charges for land telegraphing will be added at both ends.

Our special correspondent who interviewed Mr. Marconi from the Lizard wireless station on his return, had an interesting insight into the workings of the new system. There is, of course, much about the apparatus to attract electrical experts, but even to the average individual, who knows no more about telegraphing without wires than with wires, the transmission of messages between ship and shore is a rare novelty.

The Lizard station is one of the most important operated by the Marconi Company. The station is a lonely little box, perched high on a cliff, with Lloyds signal station on one side and the familiar twin Lizard lighthouses

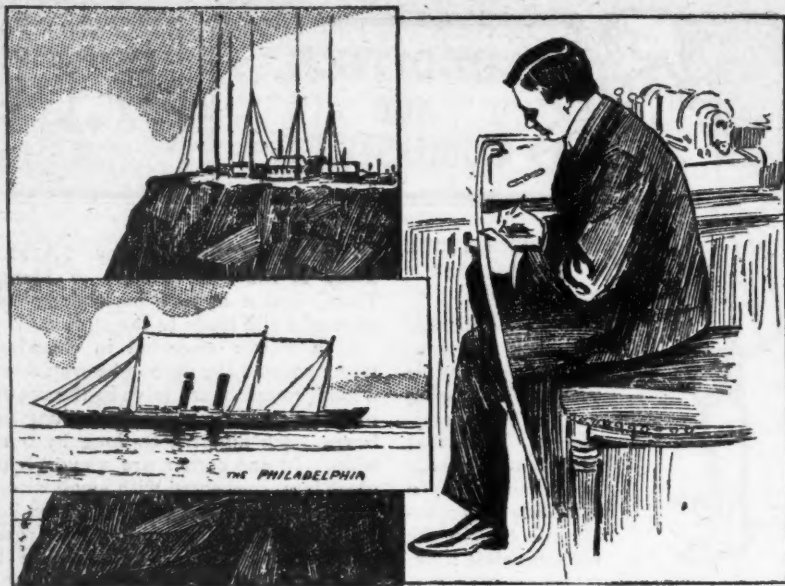
on the other, for company. A mile away is the little village of Lizard Point, and a narrow path along the edge of a cliff leads to the station.

If a visitor unversed in electrical terms entered the station he would see a long, rough board table in the centre of the room and on it three oblong tin boxes, each about 3 ft. long by 6 in. wide. In one corner are a number of glass jars, connected with small wires. At one side of the table is a handle, which is something like an enlarged telegraph sending key. Beside it stands an ordinary "ticker," or tape reel, which prints the Morse dots and dashes as they are received from the ships.

There is something uncanny about this "ticker," which will begin a low purring without any apparent cause, and after a jumble of unintelligible letters, suddenly spell out intelligent words and sentences. There is a very faint "click, click," accompanying the movement of the tape, so that expert operators can read messages by sound if they like. The tape, however, is preserved as the company record of each message received.

Sending a message is a noisy, uncomfortable operation for persons with sensitive ear-drums. The wire running from the station to the tall mast just outside must be changed from one part of the instrument to another when it is desired to receive instead of send a message, or vice versa.

Then the handle which resembles an enlarged telegraph key is grasped by the operator, who presses it downwards. The result is a brilliant spark among the glass jars on the table and a loud cracking noise, not unlike the explosion of a torpedo. When the



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

This illustration shows Mr. Marconi receiving a message on board the *Philadelphia* as he neared England on his return from Canada. The picture of the vessel shows it fitted up with long masts by means of which wireless communication was carried on with the Poldhu Station, Cornwall, 100 miles distant. The Poldhu Station is also shown.

lever is held down long enough for one explosion it means a dot; long enough for two explosions and two sparks, a dash.

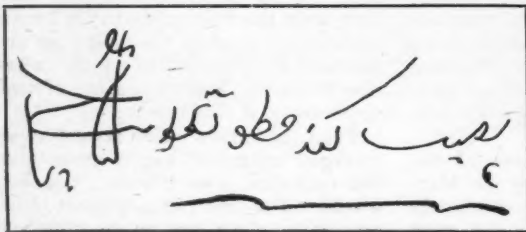
In the actual transmission of messages, the ordinary rules of telegraphy are usually followed. Each station has its own call, and likewise each steamer. The operators are known to each other by initials, and so familiar

do they become with each other that a Lizard operator can instantly detect the presence of a newcomer on a passing steamer.

The operators are for the most part old-time cable men who thoroughly understand the technical end of the business.

One man is constantly on duty at a shore station. When a ship is expected or signalled two men are on duty, one receiving, the other copying messages on post office blanks for land transmission. The staff at the Lizard consists of four operators and the assistant in charge.

One of the greatest objections to wireless telegraphy for commercial purposes at present is the



THE HANDWRITING OF HABIBULLAH KHAN, THE NEW AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN

slowness of transmission. It is not possible to maintain a greater speed than six words a minute. The average cable speed is twenty to twenty-two words per minute. Mr. Marconi expects to remedy this defect in time, so that as great, if not greater speed than that of the cable companies will be possible.

There is a law inspired by the Post Office authorities which does not permit communication between ship and shore stations while the ship is within three miles of the shore station. This law always causes a suspension of business, and the consequent loss of valuable time in transmitting messages.

#### HANDWRITING OF HABIBULLAH KHAN.

This is the signature of Habibullah Khan, the new Ameer of Afghanistan. He is 30 years of age, and is connected by marriage with the best Afghan families. He comes to the throne at a very trying period, when Afghanistan is beginning to adopt less barbarous and more civilized modes of living. But the characteristics of the race are unchanged. Habibullah, though a capable second to his father, has not been accredited with the strength of mind or fidelity of purpose. It remains to be seen whether he can successfully carry on the work that Abdur Rahman began and maintain the order that he established.

#### ROYALTIES IN FOREIGN UNIFORM.

Foreign sovereigns confer military rank upon each other. Such courtesies are common among royalties when visits are paid to reigning monarchs who desire to show special marks of



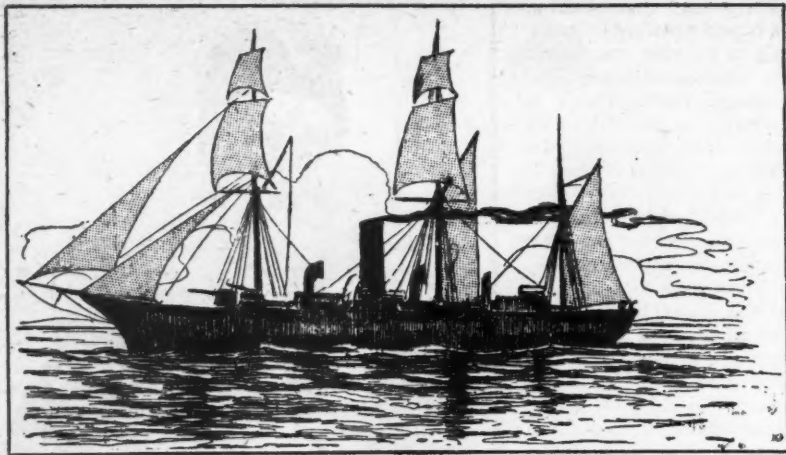
A PICTURE OF KING EDWARD VII IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 27TH, KIEFF REGIMENT, RUSSIAN DRAGOONS, OF WHICH THE KING IS HONORARY COLONEL

favour to their illustrious guests, hence most of the prominent Royal personages of Europe are entitled to wear one or more "foreign" uniforms.

Take our King. His Majesty is honorary colonel of the 27th (H.M. King Edward VII.'s) Kieff Regiment of Russian Dragoons, as well as honorary colonel of the 5th Pomerian (Blucher) Hussars, and of the 12th Austro-Hungarian Hussar Regiment; besides being colonel-in-chief of the 1st Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards.

His Majesty's brother, the Duke of Connaught, is honorary colonel of the Ziethen Hussars, No. 3 (of Braden-





**THE MISSING BRITISH GUNBOAT.**—H.M. Screw Sloop Condor left Esquimaux for Honolulu on December 2nd and has not since been heard from. She carried 130 men and nine guns. She also carried a good spread of canvas, being a fully barque rigged vessel. If her engines had broken down merely, she should have been able to make some port under sail.

burg) and of the 4th Austrian Hussars.

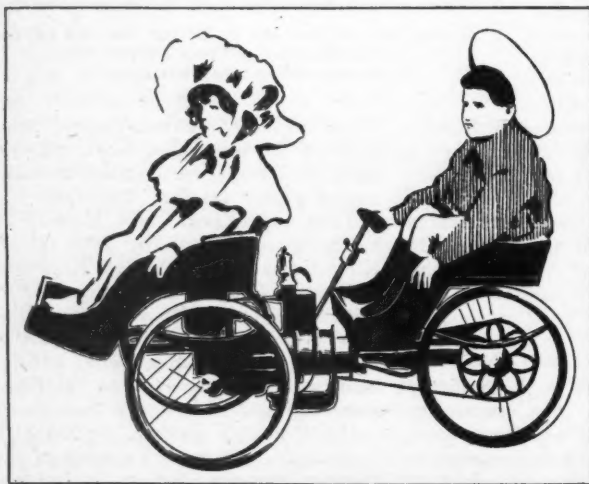
The Kaiser Wilhelm is a British field-marshal as well as a British admiral; while his Imperial Majesty's brother, who is to be present at the christening of the Emperor's new yacht in America, is entitled to wear a British admiral's uniform.

The Czar is honorary-colonel of the

Scotch Greys, whose proud regimental motto is "Second to None;" and the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is honorary colonel of the King's Dragoon Guards.

#### THE TINIEST MOTOR-CAR.

What is declared to be the tiniest motor car ever constructed is shown in the accompanying illustration. It was built by a Mr. Cooke of Portsmouth, England, for his children, a boy aged six and girl aged 4. The little lad is an expert chauffeur, and together the pair go skimming about the town and even take long trips into the country, unattended. The tires are pneumatic of a non-puncturable design, and the motor was driven all summer without a single accident.



**THE TINIEST MOTOR-CAR**



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TURNING THE HARROW—EARLY MORNING

FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER; BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK

CANADIAN MAGAZINE